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Swaabe

Shopping a la Mode : Lady Darnley and Her Plumber's Bag

Wearing sensible low-heeled shoes and armed with a capacious bag, the Countess of Darnley is prepared for a shopping expedition entailing probably the usual wartime queues. She is the Earl of Darnley's third wife, and was Miss Rosemary Potter before her marriage in 1940. Her son, Adam Ivo Stuart Bligh, was born in 1941. The Darnleys' beautiful Elizabethan home, Cobham Hall, in Kent, is famous for its grounds, which, before the war, were open to the public. Lord Darnley, who himself looks after his estates, has been a professional garden designer and a fruit farmer in Australia. He served in the last war in the R.N.V.R., and was later a major in the R.A.F. Lord Clifton, his son and heir, by his first marriage, is a prisoner of war



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Climax

UNDoubtedly we are fast approaching a climax in the war, a pinnacle from which the future will become plainer, and a point at which the need for courage and determination will be more than ever necessary if the future is to be secure. We shall need this courage as much as Hitler will require to summon all the strength left in the Nazi Party if he is to escape the hand of fate. Our fate is bound up in Hitler's. Having fought against all odds to produce the coming climax we must not weaken, nor must we allow Hitler's cunning to overcome us. At this moment Hitler's dilemma becomes plainer for all to see, but we cannot see as clearly all the cunning workings of his mind. At bay, Hitler is still the reckless gambler who believes in his lucky star. To us it seems that there can be no way out for him unless he is aided in some totally miraculous way.

Facts

HITLER must face these facts. If he becomes involved in another struggle this summer with the Russian Army he will drain all his reserves of strength and not necessarily defeat the Russians. If he sits back on the defensive the Russians may engage him on the land while the air forces of Britain and the United States bomb his war potential in all parts of Europe from the air. But Hitler's greatest problem is surely this. He cannot plan anything for the future because the bomb is beating him. At any time now Hitler ought to be sitting down to organise his winter campaign in Russia, and any other offensive he may have in mind for the spring of next year. But how can he do either of these things when he has lost control of the air and cannot defend any part of Germany or the territory he occupies in Europe against damage by bombs?

Failure

HITLER has not only failed to hold sway in the air, but he is rapidly losing the power which we once feared in the U-boat menace. Under-sea attacks were at one time Hitler's big weapon. By its ruthless use he hoped to divide Britain from United States aid, and isolate the Continent of Europe from the eventual help of Britain. His failure to do this is beginning to equal his weakening strength in the air. Only on the land has Hitler got a strong weapon. But each day his vast land armies become less mobile because they live on transport, and transport exists by oil. Hitler is beginning to lack oil. Thus gradually he is being brought to a standstill. To strike at his enemies he must travel long distances. To avoid them he can huddle all his forces around Germany in a vast defence ring, and then they become a live bombing target.

Tactics

No wonder Hitler urges Franco to send up an appealing cry to end bombing. Hitler's only hope of averting defeat at no distant date—unless by his cunning he has devised some new horror to loose on the world—is to hold off the full intensity of future bombing. But imagine the audacity of General Franco organising this campaign in the name of Christian charity! It was Franco who bombed the children of Guernica, and laid waste much Spanish territory in order to gain his present position of precarious power. So it seems that even in his friends Hitler loses influence and strength. There is nobody who can save him unless, and I repeat this again, his own cunning can command some totally unexpected change in the present trend of the war. You will see that I have some respect for the power that is still left in Hitler and the Nazi Party. Wisdom should dictate to us the need for this respect.

Results

PROBABLY Hitler's greatest failure will lie in the field of propaganda. No longer does German propaganda have any influence. Nazi lies have produced the boomerang which one anticipated. In fact, propaganda is a boomerang. The only effective propaganda is the truth. Hitler started the war with his propaganda machine blaring out untruths to the people of France and this country. In both countries the same people have survived to realise Hitler's falsities. Whereas British propaganda, which has been so much criticised and despised, now has influence throughout the whole world which is unequalled. The reason is that we have stuck to the truth. We have faced and admitted defeats. It is a British characteristic to rely on the understatement, and not a matter of ministerial policy.

Fate

WHATEVER is to be the fate of Italy, the course of events cannot long be hidden from us. The people of Italy are as much aware of this as we are. It seems as if they are just waiting for the end, while the forces of the Allies are poised to attack. In Italy they are convinced that soon Pantelleria, Sicily and Sardinia will be occupied. When this happens we shall be able to judge the strength of Italian resistance on the mainland. I do not believe that the Italians are panic stricken. I should say that they are beyond that stage, like a man or woman who has suffered so much that he or she has lost all interest in the future. Again we see the boomerang effect of false propaganda. Mussolini mouthings have fooled the people of Italy for a long time, but now the truth has got home to them, and they are helpless. Only Mussolini can know how weak Italy really is. It was he who sent so many Italians to certain death in Russia. It was his ambition which has locked up more than twenty Italian divisions in the Balkans, so that the homeland of Italy is without adequate defences. The Italian Air Force is incapable of defending Italy, and the Italian Navy is without initiative. I wonder what will be Mussolini's fate.

Neutral

BASKING in carefully protected neutrality, Turkey has become strong. Britain and the United States are sending her a ceaseless flow of supplies of modern equipment. Her soldiers



Town and Country Planning

Mr. W. S. Morrison, M.P., and Mr. H. Strauss, M.P., the Minister and Parliamentary Secretary for Town and Country Planning, are seen at work in the Minister's study. Mr. Morrison, who represents the Cirencester and Tewkesbury Division of Gloucestershire in the House of Commons, was previously Postmaster-General



Test Pilots Off Duty

Mr. Ralph Munday, one of our most famous test pilots, is seen talking to one of his colleagues, Capt. H. S. Broad. Munday is over forty, and his work as test pilot involves many hazardous tasks which would tax the endurance of any younger man in the R.A.F. today



U.S. Aircraft Brings Italian Generals to Britain

Captured during the North African campaign, these Italian officers were photographed on their arrival at a South of England airfield. In the picture are: General Gioia, General Belletti, and Captain Pirola, A.D.C. to the generals, with the officers escorting them

are being trained and her air force is organised as never before. While this has been going on, Turkey has been able to withstand the threats and the cunning of Germany. Diplomatically, she has put up a long and a strong fight against all Hitler's power politics. But it is hardly conceivable that Turkey can hope to escape the war completely. If the experts read the signs aright, and the Balkans are set ablaze and become the funeral pyre of Nazi Germany, Turkey cannot stand aside. She is placed in a vital position to aid the Allies, and there can be no question that if the Balkans become the final battleground of Europe, Turkey can help to shorten the war. It must be disheartening to Hitler, as it is pleasing to us, to see the friendship Turkey has maintained for Britain.

Agreement

MORE than ninety Service experts and officials, including the three Chiefs of Staff, took part in the conference between Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt. It was the biggest delegation sent from this country since the war started, and the conclusions reached are said to have been satisfactory and cordial. In

some quarters there was an attempt to draw attention to differences of opinion. There was never any fundamental difference between Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt, but quite naturally they did not at first agree on methods to be employed in the Far East. This was the reason why the conference was held, and it may also account for the length of the talks. In the United States the former Isolationists are using their influence to inconvenience President Roosevelt by demanding a switch of American strength so that it can be mainly employed in the Pacific. This would reduce Allied potential for use in Europe, and thereby prolong the war against the enemies of the West. Mr. Churchill went to Washington to argue the wisdom of defeating one enemy with all your strength first, and then switching your power to the other side of the world. There is every indication that Mr. Churchill won his point.

Co-ordination

MARSHAL STALIN has surprised the world by stating frankly his reasons for disbanding the Comintern. They are good reasons and are

completely disarming by their elementary character. He wishes to end all distrust and to deprive the enemies of Russia of any grounds for suspecting the future intentions of the Soviet Union. It is true, of course, that under the influence of the Third International Communist parties have been well organised in most countries. So much so that Marshal Stalin can assume that they will continue to exist even though the Comintern, which supposedly controlled them, is dead. But it is also true that Marshal Stalin has never been an international Communist of the Comintern type. He has always believed in a strong and well-organised Russia, and this is what he has tried to build. Russia's resistance against the vast strength of the German armies has been of such a character that the creator of this national strength can afford to disregard those who imagine that internationalisation is necessary to increase and maintain Russia in the world.



Chinese Leaders

President Lin Sen of China, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and General Chang Chu-Chung, Minister of Military Operations, attended the China Youth Corps leaders' conference not long ago



Hearing Stories From Italy

Air Chief Marshal Sir Sholto Douglas, A.O.C.-in-C. Middle East, recently entertained at his headquarters some of the prisoners of war on their way home after being repatriated from Italy, amongst whom were members of the R.A.F., R.A.A.F., R.C.A.F. and S.A.A.F.



Lord Louis Inspects

Vice-Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, Chief of Combined Operations, on a visit of inspection to units in his command, is seen on the bridge of a Combined Operations ship. With him is Rear-Admiral T. H. Troubridge, D.S.O., who commanded the British Naval Force at Oran, for which he received the American D.S.M.

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Open Letter to Sir Alexander Korda

By James Agate

DEAR Sir Alexander, First let me say how glad we are to see you in this country again. We have missed your imagination, your drive and your personality. But my purpose in writing to you is not to pay you compliments, however well deserved, but to make a suggestion. It is always said that criticism should be constructive. Very well, then, let me construct.

"The future," says Paula Tanqueray, "is only the past again entered through another gate." Since the war must end one day I suggest that the film industry take a lesson from the last war *now*. This is that the moment hostilities cease, the public will regard war-films as so much poison. They did last time; and they will again this. My suggestion is that one of the big film-producers—yourself for choice—should have a go at Pinero's masterpiece *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, which was produced at the St. James's Theatre exactly fifty years ago. It is possible that you do not remember the play in detail. Let me refresh your memory.

AUBREY TANQUERAY was an English gentleman of wealth and position. In other words, a prig. His first wife was a lady "all marble arms and black velvet." There was a daughter, Ellean, who was sent to a convent to be educated. And then the first Mrs. Tanqueray died, and Mr. Tanqueray made the acquaintance of the exotic and alluring Paula Jarman. But Paula was Mrs. Jarman by courtesy only, just as she had previously been Mrs. Dartry, Mrs. Ethurst and Mrs. Ardale, all by courtesy. To cut a long story short—and the point about Pinero's stories is that they never seem long when he is telling them—Aubrey married Mrs. Jarman and took her to live at Willowmere, a dead-and-alive hole in the heart of Surrey. Now Paula was mistress of the direct statement. Here, in half a dozen lines, is her impression of life on the Hog's Back:

And so we shall go on here, year in and year out, until the sap is run out of our lives, and

we're stale and dry and withered from sheer, solitary respectability. Upon my word, I wonder we didn't see that we should have been far happier if we'd gone in for the devil-may-care, café-living sort of life in town! After all, I have a set and you might have joined it. It's true I did want, dearly, dearly, to be a married woman, but where's the pride in being a married woman among women who are—married!

Worse still, the married women—who include Mrs. Cortelyon, Aubrey's neighbour—have "rumbled" Paula, and decline to have anything to do with her. Comes Ellean "hither all dewy from a convent fetched," and, as Montague says of the type, "as breathless and monosyllabic with aghast innocence as if she had run all the way." Ellean had intended to become a nun, and would have done so had not Mrs. Cortelyon taken her to Paris, where she met handsome Captain Ardale who had been awarded a V.C. for quelling a mutiny in India.

AT this point you are wondering, my dear Sir Alexander, where your picture is to come from. Meaning, where the snag is. The snag is this. Paula, in her pre-Jarman days, had "kept house" with Ardale! Now in real life, on hearing that her former lover had fallen for her step-daughter, Paula would just have decamped and turned up at Juan les Pins as, say, Mrs. D'Urberville. But the theatre being necessarily more romantic than real life, the stage Paula reflects.

Even now I notice that the lines of my face are getting deeper; so are the hollows about my eyes. Yes, my face is covered with little shadows that usen't to be there. Oh, I know I'm "going off." I hate paint and dye and those messes, but by-and-by, I shall drift the way of the others; I shan't be able to help myself.

After which, in an access of revulsion, she shoots herself. And now I hear you ask: "How do you suggest that I cast this drama?" And I reply: Paula, Marlene Dietrich; Ellean, Vivien Leigh; Aubrey, Cedric Hardwicke. (This is ideal casting, of course, and provided the stable-arrangements fit.) I can see

you holding your hands up in horror. A heroine who comes to an unhappy end—you faint. Vivien Leigh playing second fiddle—you swoon. I now come to that part of my suggestion which is pure genius. Vivien does not play second fiddle.

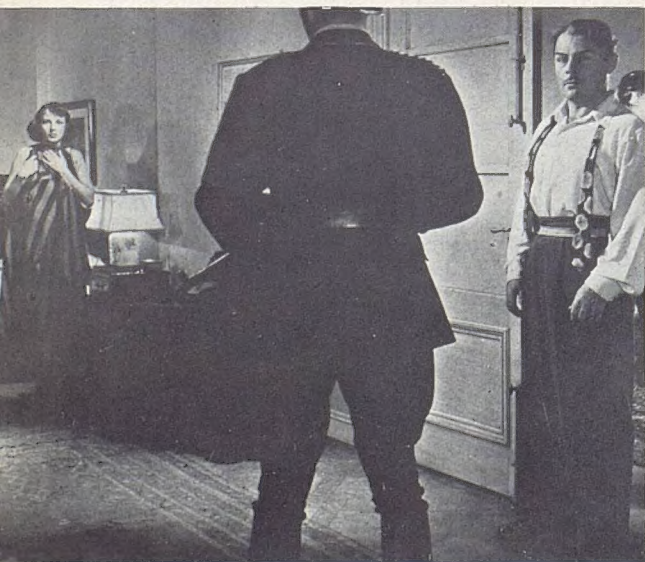
BUT first a word about Marlene. She is at the point in her career when she must be looking for rôles suited to her age. (As arc lights are more powerful than footlights, so they are crueller.) Paula is exactly right for her. And now brace yourself for the great news. The heroine of your picture is no Paula. It is Ellean!!!!

And the happy ending? How are you to manage this? The simplest thing in the world. *There are two Captain Ardales*. Paula's Ardale was called Hugh and had never been within smelling distance of a V.C. Ellean's young man is called Geoffrey. And St. George's, Hanover Square, is told to get ready. All the same, Paula begins to have twinges. She cannot forget Ellean's face when, in quick succession the Dartry, Ethurst, Ardale and Jarman cat were let out of the bag. Not suicide, perhaps; but certainly retreat is indicated. And where does Paula retreat to? Why, to the very convent in Belgium where Ellean was brought up.

WHOEVER makes the scenario will have an enviable time. He will give us, first of all, Ellean as a little girl being shown off to her dragonsome mother's visitors in that chilly drawing-room in Kensington. Ringlets, antimacassars, and all that. Next, Ellean in her convent "in shady cloister mew'd, Chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitless moon." Then rapid cut to Jarman's yacht. ("I wonder what Algiers looks like this morning from the sea! Oh, Cayley, do you remember those jolly times on board Peter Jarman's yacht when we lay off...?") Then cut to the first Mrs. Tanqueray's funeral. Family vault at Paddington. Then Paris, whither Aubrey has gone to get over his bereavement. Cayley Drummie, an old friend, coming over to cheer him up, takes him to supper at the Café Anglais where he meets Paula, who invites him to drive with her in the Bois. The rest follows.

A DELIGHTFUL period film, my dear Sir Alexander, which Orson Welles would give his ears for. A period in whose gorgeous clothes Marlene could flaunt it to the top of her bent, and Vivien execute her multi-coloured sway like the tulips in Kew Gardens. A period full of seemingly magnificence. The one thing I do implore you is to get your set-designer to acquire some notion of the scope of English life in the eighteen-nineties. To remember that the Hog's Back is not the Beverly Hills, that Willowmere is a small English village and not an off-shoot of Hollywood, and that "Highercoombe" is a simple English country house, not the palace of a film star complete with flood-lit bathing pools. "Tell Watts to balance the cart for three," sets the note to perfection. Observe that Paula says "cart." I know it is difficult for a film director to realise that when the Tanquerays drove into the village they used what the English call a "dog-cart," and not a coach and-four! And now, my dear Sir Alexander, what about it?

Your sincere admirer,
JAMES AGATE.



Salute to Czechoslovakia: "Hangmen Also Die" (Tivoli)

The latest tribute to conquered Europe's persistent underground battle against Nazi oppression. Set in Prague, the story concerns "Hangman" Heydrich's assassin (Brian Donlevy) and his fight to fool the avengers. Left: Mascha (Anna Lee), whose father (Walter Brennan) is murdered as a hostage, and Doctor Svoboda (Brian Donlevy) stage a bedroom scene to outwit the Gestapo. Right: the end of a quivering. The traitor Czaka (Gene Lockhart) is framed by the underground movement as Heydrich's killer



More Musicals

When Hollywood isn't making Films about Aerobatics or the Occupied Countries—it's Music, Music all the way

"Salute for Three" (Plaza)

Betty Rhodes, Macdonald Carey and Dona Drake in a Paramount musical. The scene is a military canteen—a suitable set-up for back-stage romance, with the usual complications, radio songsters, all-girl orchestras, dance teams (Lorraine and Rognan) and all the ingredients of the song and dance show which Hollywood knows backwards

"Hit Parade of 1943" (Regal)

Mary Treen, John Carroll, Susan Hayward and a song detector (lyric writing made easy). Boy steals girl's song, girl swears revenge but falls in love with him. Trimmings include three bands—Freddy Martin, Count Basie, Ray McKinley—Jack Williams, the Harlem sandman; Dorothy Dandridge, the negro singer; Pops and Louie, dancers; the Music Maids of Radio fame, and other high-spots of cabaret



Song, Dance and Technicolor: "Hello, 'Frisco, Hello" (Gaumont and Marble Arch)

Left, June Havoc, Jack Oakie, Alice Faye and John Payne as the entertainers at a 'Frisco gay-spot, 1900. Right, Lyn Bari as the rich socialite-backer, with John Payne and Alice Faye again. The troupers are sacked for being too good—they draw the audience away from the bar. Leading man starts on his own, makes good, marries socialite. Both go broke; socialite deserts leading man. Leading lady clicks on Broadway, saves situation. Happy ending. "Unforgettable hits of yesterday . . . throbbing new hits of today; gorgeous girls and dancing" (synopsis). What more can the Faye fans want?

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Magic Carpet (Princes)

MAGIC carpets are tricky aircraft. They fly, as you know, on a mixture of dreams and wishes. Transcending both time and space, their range is limited only by the imagination of the pilot. They take off at the word (or wish) of command. Once started, however, they are apt to get out of control, have a tendency to stall, and prefer a crash to a happy landing. These powers and perils are impartially displayed by the *Magic Carpet* on which Mr. Firth Shephard invites us to embark at the Princes Theatre. He describes it as a musical extravaganza, and the description is just. Though not, perhaps, the latest model, it is true to type. That is to say, it is attractively painted, carries a clever crew, and promises good performance.

We first view it hovering in mid-empyrean. The mahout (or what not) sits aft, tucked in a

carpet. When Ali blandly inquires where he wishes to go, the Caliph roars "Nowhere!" and is taken at his word. Hey presto! with a flash, a terrific backfire, and clouds of smoke, he is instantly transported thence. And that's the end, so far as we and the show are concerned, of Caliph and carpet.

Fortunately for us, however, Mr. Howard is left behind; and though bereft (like the show) of the carpet, continues globe-trotting on foot. It's a roundabout trip, and takes us, in the twinkling of a scene, to such uncoordinated latitudes as the North Pole, eighteenth century Venice, where we hear some nice music and see some ambitious dancing; Brighton under the Regency, the Wild West, and other strange places. En route we meet mixed and musical company, which includes the local populace of each port of call in festal mood and attire, dancers, tumblers, singers, backchat comedians, a B.B.C. discur, and the Brothers Ganjou with Juanita. Their sole intent is all for our delight, and if we are not consistently delighted, that is not perhaps their fault.

Magic carpets are capricious; and, owing no doubt to wartime conditions, some of the literary material of this one seems slightly shop-soiled, shall we say? Still, the trip has its moments, the most amusing of which are Mr. Howard's absurd assumption of the saloon-busting bravado of a Wild West gold prospector, chumming up with Miss Betty Warren's gloriously authentic Mae-Westerly saloon hostess; his refrained aplomb as a Bon Marché saleswoman, and his impervious solemnity as a Brighton beachcomber.

Some of the more spectacular numbers seemed to me better in aim than achievement. The Regency Brightonians, for example, are admirably caricatured, and sing some excellent pastiche by Mr. Gavin Gordon. But, while so well dressed up, they have nowhere in particular to go. Classical ballet, too, is so popular these days that its vaudeville excursions are less of a walk-over than of old. And while the Venetian Romance and the Symphony of the Sky are popular displays of Beauty with a capital B, they call for and get from graceful Prudence Hyman a choreographic lead they do not very successfully follow.

For sheer excitement supported by pure



The Whirlwinds:
Valyne and Lon-
tay, comic acrobats,
do their stuff

technique, the highest marks go to the Ganjou Brothers and their intrepid Juanita. Their turn is, in its breath-taking genre, a beauty. These brilliant gymnasts have raised their conquest of the laws of gravity and equilibrium, that rule the rest of us, to an art that is as fine as stunning.

The Princes is a large, popular theatre, and Mr. Firth Shephard is a large, popular purveyor of the kind of shows that fill it. One judges them by the standard he has established, which is high; and if this, the latest of them, should seem to lower their average of merit, wartime conditions, not lack of good intent on the part of his executive artists, are probably accountable.



Folk from two cities:
Ladies of Venice and
Brighton (Betty
Astell, Josephine
Yorke and Prudence
Hyman), and a
Regency Buck
(Gavin Gordon)

fold of the tail, and expatiates on the beauties and wonders of the prospective flight. This is by way of prologue to the trip proper, and gives us our clearest, most impressive view of the magic craft before the scenic clouds close about it.

Our next view is less aerial and more prosaic. It is slung over the shoulder of Ali (alias Mr. Sydney Howard), a peripatetic carpet-vendor of Bagdad and other more homely market-places. This resourceful old tout is no respecter of persons or places. His sales-talk is a hybrid argot compounded of dubious Arabic and authentic Bradford. He wanders into the harem of the Caliph of Bagdad seeking custom, but the moment for business could not be more inauspicious. The Caliph, a peppery potentate, has just disowned his loveliest daughter for daring to love beneath her; and the purchase of old carpets, however magic, is the last thing he contemplates or desires.

With the true salesman's insensitiveness to snubs, Ali persists in trying to do business. The Caliph, not unnaturally insensed, bounces, and inadvertently stamps on the

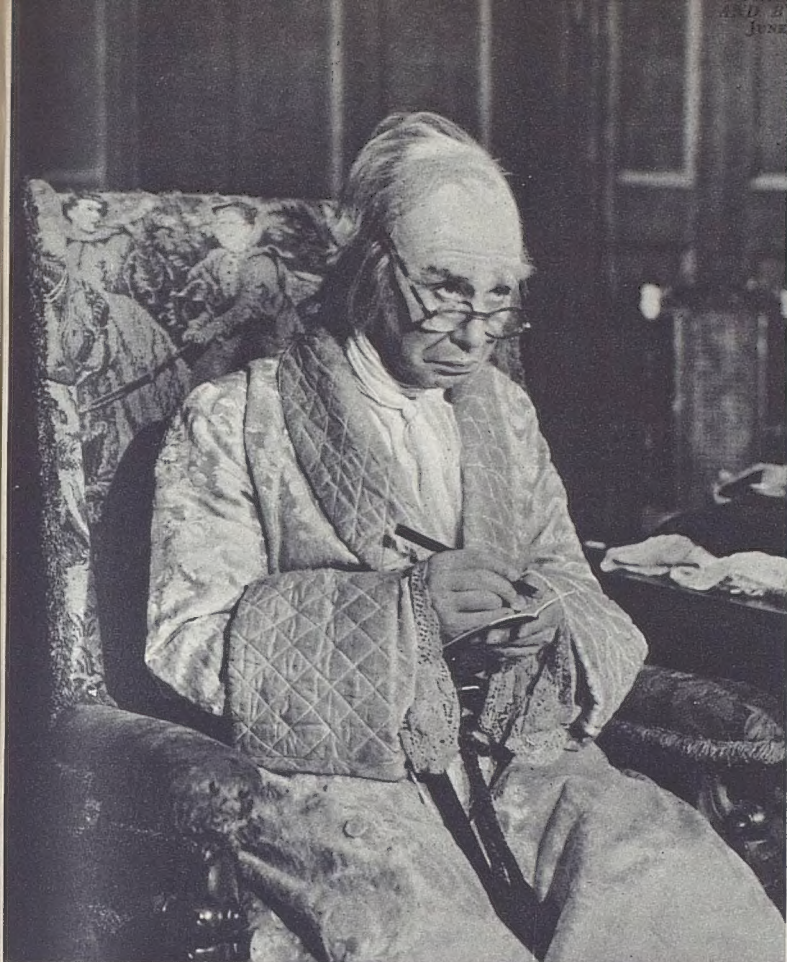


Sketches by
Tom Titt

(Left) Mistress Moll
and the Tough Guys
(Betty Warren,
Sydney Howard and
Dave O'Gorman)



As himself, and in the flesh: the wireless
beau and radio wizard, Cyril Fletcher



Donald Wolfit as Polidore Argan



Rosalind Iden as Toinette, the Maid

Molière in English

Donald Wolfit Opens His Season at the Westminster with "The Imaginary Invalid"

● *The Imaginary Invalid*, adapted by F. Anstey from Molière's school-room classic, *Le Malade Imaginaire*, was Donald Wolfit's opening gambit on June 1st at the Westminster. It will run for a month and be followed by Ibsen's *The Master Builder*. The part of Polidore Argan gives Mr. Wolfit another chance to show himself as a master of make-up. "The story," he says, "of how the old hypochondriac is restored to health by the mysterious Elixir is as fresh as ever. If we think in political as well as medical terms it certainly is." The opening performance was in aid of the Westminster Hospital, where none of the malades is imaginaire



Quack, Quack

The examination of Polidore, the *Malade Imaginaire*, by the incredible quack doctor who is none other than Toinette, the maid (Rosalind Iden), in disguise. On the left is Henry Fielding as Beralde



Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick
The Invalid Reforms

Polidore, restored to health, gets rid of his motley museum of medicaments. Left to right: Beralde (Henry Fielding), Cleante (Richard Lyndhurst), Angelique (Joan Peart), Louison (Audrey Teesdale), Polidore (Donald Wolfit) and Toinette (Rosalind Iden)

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

The King's Birthday

HIS MAJESTY'S official birthday was observed on Wednesday, June 2nd, with none of the usual ceremonial that marks the peacetime anniversaries. But though the glitter of the Trooping the Colour ceremony was absent from London in its drab war uniform, the King awarded honours, as usual, to mark his attaining the age of forty-seven—incidentally, His Majesty is one of the youngest-looking forty-sevens in the whole of his Dominions—and there was a constant stream of callers at Buckingham Palace during the day, including nearly every member of the Corps Diplomatique at the Court of St. James's, to sign the Visitors' Book. Family presents, of course, are exchanged on the King's real birthday, in December.

Before his birthday the King had shown, with the Queen, how real is their interest in the National Savings movement, by giving up the afternoon of one of their rare free Sundays to attend the local "Wings for Victory" parade at Windsor, where they were staying for the week-end.

Ascot Again

IN baking heat, pony-carts, bicycles, and a few trains and cars converged upon the famous racecourse, for the second wartime meeting.

The only change was in the appearance of the human occupants of the paddock, who strayed, unlabelled, in and out of the unguarded Royal Enclosure. Clothes were severe, and

even casual; hats with veils the exception; plenty of bare heads, even some bare legs, and a considerable dearth of gloves. People sat on the grass; there was a sprinkling of small children, and a perambulator was casually shoved into the Enclosure. There were, however, plenty of attractive clothes, and the crowd, as a whole, seemed extremely happy and enjoying every moment of its outing.

The Duchess of Norfolk wore mauve printed silk and one of her favourite halo hats; Lady Milton had a thin printed dress and coat to match, with a shady hat; Lady Jean Christie had removed the jacket of her pink coat and skirt; Lady Viola Dundas wore an emerald-green coat; Mr. George Beeby, the trainer, walked in and out of the paddock, his wife looking smart in red and white; Lady Manton looked pale and cool among a proportion of faces reddened by the heat; so did Mrs. Rupert Incledon-Webber, in a golden-yellow dress to match her hair; Mrs. Rupert Byass talked to Lady Petre, who wore a pretty reddish dress and several bracelets; Mr. Steve Donoghue was a welcome familiar figure in the paddock; Mr. Tom Walls looked quite John Bullish in a ferocious bristling beard; Major and Mrs. Vernon Miller, who were married last autumn, were together—she was Miss Kissy (Christian) Livingstone-Learmonth; Major Sir Hugh Smiley was there; red-haired Mr. "Ruby" Holland Martin, and very many more.

There were nearly 700 bicycles in the free bicycle-park.

First Night

ENTHUSIASTIC crowds cheered the return of their favourites at the first night of the latest Sadler's Wells Ballet season at the New. Regulars in the packed audience included Major and Mrs. Bobbie Jenkinson, Mr. Leslie Hurry, the painter who did the décor for *Hamlet*; he is also at work on new settings for *Lac des Cygnes*; Pamela May, who left the ballet when she married, and was not well enough to resume her old part in the subsequent revival of *The Prospect Before Us*; and Major John Montagu in his usual seat. Diners-out at the Meurice afterwards included Lord and Lady Poulett, and Major Sir John and Lady Friscilla Aird.

Film Premiere Party

LADY MARGARET ALEXANDER may not have done much public speaking, but she has certainly quite a gift for it. This was shown at the meeting-cum-cocktail party at Claridge's to interest people in the premiere of *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp*, at the Odeon Cinema, Leicester Square, to-morrow, June 10th. Mr. Arthur Rank, of Odeon Films, announced that the entire proceeds would go to the Odeon Services and Seamen's Fund. Lady Margaret, who is the chairman of this fund, then stood on the little platform and spoke charmingly and to the point, referring to herself as "the wife of a soldier," which was rather an understatement! The Hon. Roland Cubitt, the honorary treasurer, was there, and so were Mrs. Euan Wallace (a co-worker of Lady Margaret at the W.V.S. headquarters), Lady Jellicoe, sitting by the Hon. Mrs. Macnaghten, and Effie Lady Selsdon on a sofa with Mrs. Thomas Hutchinson, while Mrs. Philip Hill was ubiquitous in looking after people, for she is the vice-chairman.

Roses at the Guards' Chapel

MEN of the Irish Guards provided a guard of honour at the marriage of Mr. Greville Bayliss, Irish Guards, to Miss Patricia Maxwell-Willshire, only daughter of Sir Gerard and Lady Maxwell-Willshire, which took place at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks. The bride looked very attractive in her dress of stiff white brocade, with a design of honeysuckle, and her full tulle veil fell from a rolled bandeau of the same diaphanous material. There was an unexpected touch of colour in her bouquet, for among the lilies of the valley and tuber-roses were some pink roses. Roses also appeared in the bouquets carried by her two bridesmaids, Miss Mary Lena Perrins and Miss Beatriz Robledo, for they consisted of red roses and love-in-the-mist. Their frocks were of slate-blue crêpe, made quite plainly, and on their heads they had "topknots" of flowers in pastel tones to harmonise. Lady Willshire held a reception at 6, Stanhope Gate, where the guard of honour again appeared, and two of the pipers "skirled" while the cake was being cut. There were speeches by the best man, Mr. Kenneth Darrell-Rew, a brother-officer of the groom, and by the groom himself, who remembered to toast the bridesmaids after returning his own and his wife's thanks.

Winged Victory

THE various "Wings for Victory" Weeks have produced some wonderful figures, but a night-fighter station in the South of England which is commanded by W/Cdr. Gerald Maxwell, D.F.C., M.C., A.F.C., finally succeeded in more than doubling the total of any Fighter



Mr. G. P. Bayliss Marries Miss Maxwell-Willshire at the Guards' Chapel

Mr. Greville Pollard Bayliss, Irish Guards, and Miss Patricia Frederica Maxwell-Willshire, Sir Gerard and Lady Maxwell-Willshire's only daughter, were married on May 29th at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

There were two grown-up bridesmaids, Miss Mary Lena Perrins and Miss Beatriz Robledo, who wore blue dresses and carried delphiniums and roses. Best man was Mr. Kenneth Darrell-Rew

Looking happy at the wedding reception were the bride's parents, Sir Gerard Maxwell-Willshire, Bt., and Lady Maxwell-Willshire, of 83, Palace Court, W. Sir Gerard gave his daughter away



A Naval Wedding

Cdr. Peter William Gretton, D.S.O., O.B.E., D.S.C., R.N., and Miss D. N. G. (Judy) du Vivier, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James du Vivier, of Beckington, Somerset, were married, at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street, on May 29th



Two Recent Christenings in Town and Country

Miranda Clare Reid, the baby daughter of Major Ivo Reid, Irish Guards, and Mrs. Reid, was christened at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, on May 22nd. Lord Buckhurst and Sir Walter Monckton were amongst the godparents



Dennis Moss

Capt. the Hon. William and Mrs. Vestey's son, Mark William, was christened at Stowell Church. Above, behind: Major T. H. Robinson, Capt. the Hon. W. H. Vestey, Mrs. T. H. Robinson and Mrs. Wrigley. Sitting: Lady Vestey, the Hon. Mrs. W. H. Vestey and the baby, Lord Vestey and Samuel Vestey, and, in front, Christopher Paine

Command station. It raised over £115,000—a terrific effort.

The station celebrated its success at its annual sports meeting, and the high spot of the afternoon was a veterans' race for all pilots over thirty-eight! W/Cdr. Maxwell, who shot down some forty German 'planes during the last war, ran in the race, and all the station were greatly disappointed when the Commanding Officer just failed to break the tape first. Then came a thrilling ladies' race of 100 yards, and here the Duchess of Norfolk, who had come to present the prizes, was a red-hot favourite.

The Duchess, looking most attractive, certainly appeared to have every chance, but she was just beaten on the post by Corporal "Masky" Smith, of the W.A.A.F., by one-fifth of a second.

"Guineas" Morning on Newmarket Heath

PRE-CLASSIC mornings at Newmarket have all the atmosphere of a rapidly approaching zero hour for attack, tension on the part of

performers, their trainers and their backers being acute. The 2,000 Guineas this year must have been one of the most open classic races for many years. Of the nineteen starters, no fewer than eleven had won their previous races, and of the remainder four had finished in the first three. Add to this the problematical behaviour of the favourite, Nasrullah, and the fact that, owing to regional racing, few of the contestants had met, and some idea will be had of the confusion reigning even in the minds of the experts.

Some of those out watching the work on the Heath the morning of the race were Major and Mrs. Dermot McCalmont and Lord Fitzwilliam, who rode out with the Hon. George Lambton; Mrs. Michael Morley, who watched her sister, Mrs. Gordon Watson, ride a canter on one of Jack Jarvis's string; the Duchess of Norfolk, who was out with Lord Derby's horses and rode High Table, who ran such a good race in last year's Gold Cup; Major John Musker, Mr. Joe Lawson, who thought that Merchant Navy

seemed excited at returning to his old haunts (he used to be trained at Newmarket by the late Capt. Tommy Hogg); Mrs. George Hartigan on a bicycle, and Bud Flanagan, who took up a strategic position at the bottom of Side Hill.

The Races

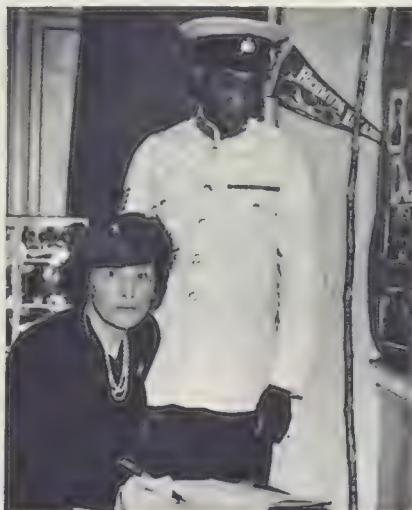
THE cold, windy morning turned into a lovely sunny afternoon, and from very early on it was obvious that there was going to be a bumper wartime crowd. People work hard for the small amount of pleasure they can allow themselves nowadays, and Lady Fitzwilliam had travelled all night to be in time for the races, as she had been presenting prizes at a "Wings for Victory" dance in Yorkshire the night before. She came with Lord Fitzwilliam, Lady Helena Hilton-Green, and Maud Lady Fitzwilliam, who had hoped to have a runner at the meeting. Lord Rosebery watched the race which Hyperides won with the Duchess of Norfolk, who wore a bright red coat. She was with her brother and sister-in-law,

(Concluded on page 312)



The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire Visit the West India Committee

Lady Davson, O.B.E., chairman of the Ladies' Welfare Committee, showed some of the children's toys to the Duke of Devonshire when he visited the committee with the Duchess, and to Lt.-Col. Sir Ivan Davson, chairman of the West India Committee



The Duchess of Devonshire, who, with her husband, visited the London offices of the West India Committee in the Strand, signed the visitors' book. She is a daughter of the fourth Marquess of Salisbury



An Exhibition for the R.A.F.

Lady Coningham, seen with Mr. Eugene Slatter, opened an exhibition of paintings at the Slatter Gallery in aid of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. She is the wife of Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham, A.O.C. Tactical Air Force, North Africa

Every Dog Has His Day

In War, as in Peace, Young Blood, New Methods, Must Prevail—the Theme of “The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp”

Written, produced and directed in Technicolor by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, producers of *49th Parallel* and *One of Our Aircraft is Missing*, their picture has its premiere to-morrow, June 10th, at the Odeon, in aid of the Odeon Services and Seamen's Fund, of which Lady Margaret Alexander is chairman. The story begins in 1902 and runs through the Boer War and World War I. to the present conflict. The central figure (Roger Livesey) is seen as a young V.C. (South Africa), a rising Brigadier (1914-18), and a dug-out of 1940, axed after Dunkirk and drifting to his eclipse via the Home Guard. With him through the years goes the story of his loves, lost and won (Deborah Kerr) and the German officer (Anton Walbrook), his lifelong friend



Berlin, 1902: the Duellists Become Friends

Lt. Clive Candy (Roger Livesey) wins the V.C. in South Africa, goes to Berlin to expose an old enemy, Kaunitz. A duel follows a café brawl and Theo (Anton Walbrook) is his opponent. Both are wounded, recuperate in a nursing-home and become firm friends. Both fall in love with Edith, the governess (Deborah Kerr). Theo wins her. Left to right: Anton Walbrook, Ursula Jeans, Deborah Kerr and Roger Livesey



France, 1918: the Nurse Who Reminds Him of Edith

Clive's second war is nearly over. He has won fresh military honours in Flanders and the first signs of Blimp-dom are visible in the successful Brigadier. The memory of Edith still haunts him—the ideal for which he is continuously searching. At a convent in France, to which he has been directed for a meal, he meets nurses freshly arrived from England. One in particular reminds him of Edith, but there is no time to speak to her



1940: "Retired Again, Axed. They Don't Need Me"

After Dunkirk, Clive, now an elderly dug-out—the complete Blimp who believes that old-school-tie methods of warfare can prevail against the German blitzkrieg—is relieved of his command. Theo is now a broken refugee from Nazi Germany; his friend "Johnny" (Deborah Kerr), a girl in the M.T.C., also reminds him of his beloved Edith



1940: Blimp in the Home Guard

Bowler-hatted, Clive throws all his old enthusiasm into building up the Home Guard. He commands the force defending London in a battle practice against the Regular Army. Hostilities are to begin at midnight, but, unfortunately, the young officer in charge of the attack, following Nazi technique, upsets the defenders' plan of campaign by starting off six hours before zero hour



1918: Home for the Honeymoon

Back in England after the war, Clive finds the young nurse of the convent—Barbara (Deborah Kerr), daughter of a rich Yorkshire mill-owner. They marry and move to his house in London, typical of his solid virtues and conservative traditions. On the doorstep of her new home she makes him promise never to change till the house disappears and a lake stands in its place



Internment Camp Reunion

Meanwhile, Clive finds his old friend Theo (Anton Walbrook), who has been taken prisoner in France, in an internment camp in England. Theo is aloof and despondent, but Clive assures him Britain will soon put Germany on her feet again. He and Barbara are happy until she is killed in an accident



Fiasco in the Turkish Baths: Blimp Taken Prisoner

Lt. "Spud" Wilson (James McKechnie) and his attackers force their way into the Turkish baths where Blimp and his fellow Home Guard officers are getting tuned up to "show these youngsters there's life in the old dogs yet." "Spud" captures them all, plus the plans for the defence, and the manoeuvres come to an untimely and ignominious end



The Last Phase

His military career is over: his old home has been demolished by a bomb, the site has become an emergency water tank. He tells Theo he loved his wife, Edith, in 1902. A company of young soldiers marches past, and his bitterness fades as he salutes with pride the new, tough Army of to-day

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

REMARKING politely how useful Tangier would be to us now if we still possessed it, a military commentator was more enthusiastic than Slogger Pepys, who was in that outpost of Empire in the late summer of 1683 with Lord Dartmouth's expedition.

It was long after the jolly Diary period, and Pepys was a sober elderly big shot at the Admiralty, a widower with only one mistress, Mary Skinner. Dartmouth's job was to blow up the famous Tangier Mole and evacuate the garrison. Pepys, though bitten nearly to death by "chinchies" (mosquitoes), managed to get a bit of fun now and again, as his meagre Second Diary shows:

19, Wednesday. Evening. Rode with Mr. Sheres to the Mole and on the shore; harp, guitar, and dance with Mr. Sheres in his garden, with mighty pleasure. Night. Hands and face covered, yet neck, eyes, and other places bitten.

But there was the usual muddle and confusion over clearing out, and as Pepys didn't like the ruthless Colonel Kirke (O.C. "Kirke's Lambs") or Dartmouth's chaplain, Dr. Ken, later Bishop of Bath and Wells, who kept preaching "silly sermons," or Kirke's troops, mostly drunk and brawling, or the Moors, or the weather, or the "unruly" Mercantile Marine, or the Navy, full of "rogues," or the fortress of Tangier, which he thought a national burden, he was glad to get back to London and Mrs. Skinner early next year, though he missed the delicious Spanish onions.

Moral

THE lesson of Pepys' later years is that however libertine Civil Servants may be in their youth ("*Somez, clairs! Chantez, coucous!*") they often settle down in middle age, like Mürger's Bohemians. Their eyes go glazed and they carry neatly-rolled umbrellas and strike a deathly chill, but this is better than running after women. Better for the women, anyway. One of them once told us that on being embraced by a Permanent Official Class I something seemed to go snap inside her, like the overwound spring of a clockwork engine.

Escape

BEHIND that prehistoric boat, hollowed from a single oak-trunk, just dug up in the Ancholme Valley, Lincolnshire, there is probably the usual dewy blonde—but you know our theory, approved by the Royal Society. Getting away in that age

meant a lot of painful toil and the braving of terrific unknown dangers, but it was evidently worth it.

One cannot tell what those desperate fugitives looked like, but obviously nothing like the fancy "prehistoric" pictures in Slogger Wells's amusing *Outline*. Homely and dazed, is our guess—not unlike the South Saxons of a later date, with whom St. Wilfrid had such trouble when he landed from Rome in the 8th century to find these poor dumb clucks tying themselves together and chucking themselves over Beachy Head, because they were starving. "Why on earth don't you catch fish?" asked St. Wilfrid. "They slip through our fingers," mumbled the Saxon *cacique* or head boob, looking like a fool. Upon which St. Wilfrid, heaving a deep sigh, began teaching our Sturdy Nordic Forbears how to make nets, which took some time, owing to their stupidity, but eventually stopped the suicides. The typical Island Pan is much the same pleasing blank to-day and presents no problem whatsoever.



"The idea is, that when a pole wears out there'll be another to take its place"



Footnote

TWO pans which do present disturbing problems to the traveller to-day are (a) the Florentine, and (b) the Athenian. You'd expect to find the one recalling the Old Masters and the other the Delian Apollo. Actually both are (except in childhood) no more ravishing than the pans you meet in the Midland Grill in Manchester. Which explains (for us) all those *pensions* and boarding-houses in Florence normally packed with permanent Anglo-Saxons. Terrified by the beauty of Italy, the Race perceives the mediocre dials of the Florentines and clings to them as if drowning.

Handicap

GOOSE-STEPPING infantry thrill every German heart, but the Boche dreads and mistrusts the sea and mostly regards the naval arm as of no importance, remarked an expert the other day, raising an interesting point we've often meditated.

The Boche hates and despises the sea, in our unfortunate view, because of the tiny, scrubby seaboard with which Heaven has very properly afflicted his arrogance. On the map it looks absurd—from the Dutch frontier to the Elbe only seventy miles of it, with another 120 or so to the Danish frontier. And behind this short coastline of sandbanks and shoals and shallows, with Wilhelmshaven as its only important naval base, swells enormous Germany, bursting with furious Boches by the million, longing for plunder and rapine.

One other motive for their dislike of the sea, undoubtedly, is the distinctive type of chap it breeds, the average Boche naval officer being markedly different in manners and outlook from his military opposite-number, and often a gentleman, as many have testified. The sea in fact can nearly civilise a monocled junker from East Prussia, which is saying something.

(Concluded on page 302)

Parties and Receptions



A United Nations Forces Fellowship Cabaret

Mrs. Roland Robinson (second from the right), who organised the entertainment, is seen with some of the stars who performed in the cabaret: Zoe Gail, Cyril Ritchard, Joyce Grenfell, Edward Cooper, John Francis, Jack Barker, Helen Toeros and Vic Oliver



Photographs by Swaebe



In the audience were Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Hart, Lady Doverdale, Lt.-Col. C. G. Peterson, D.S.O., D.F.C., with his actress wife, Audrey Boyes, and Col. Andrews, U.S. Forces

Mrs. W. G. Corfield and Viscount Bearsted were two who enjoyed the cabaret at the United Nations Forces Fellowship Club, given in aid of the Club funds



At a "Colonel Blimp" Party for Seamen's Funds

Above are Mr. Arthur Rank, chairman of Odeon Theatres, Ltd., Lady Margaret Alexander, chairman of the Seamen's Fund, who made a speech; Mrs. Philip Hill and Sir Bernard Docker, at a party before the premiere of the film "The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp"



At the Anglo-Brazilian Society's Reception in London

Here are Mr. T. C. Hunt; Dona Isabel Montiz de Aragao and her husband, the Brazilian Ambassador; Senhora Sylvio de Carvalho and Senhor J. Cochrane de Alencar

Major T. B. Paget was with Mrs. May Wilson and Sir Jocelyn Lucas, M.P., who is a welfare liaison officer

The Earl of Dudley came with his wife. She was Viscountess Long before their marriage last February

Standing By ...

(Continued)

We needn't go into this. The sea is Big Medicine and Strong Magic, as everybody knows, and those who sail it are a race apart, admitted to great and awful mysteries and getting their pink gin at an enviable price.

Kermesse

POSSIBLY because it is one of the dullest murders known to man and stinks of mediocrity in every key, the Red Barn case (1827) continues to thrill *Times* readers, who have been writing excitedly to Auntie to establish how Maria Martin spelt her surname, a vital point.

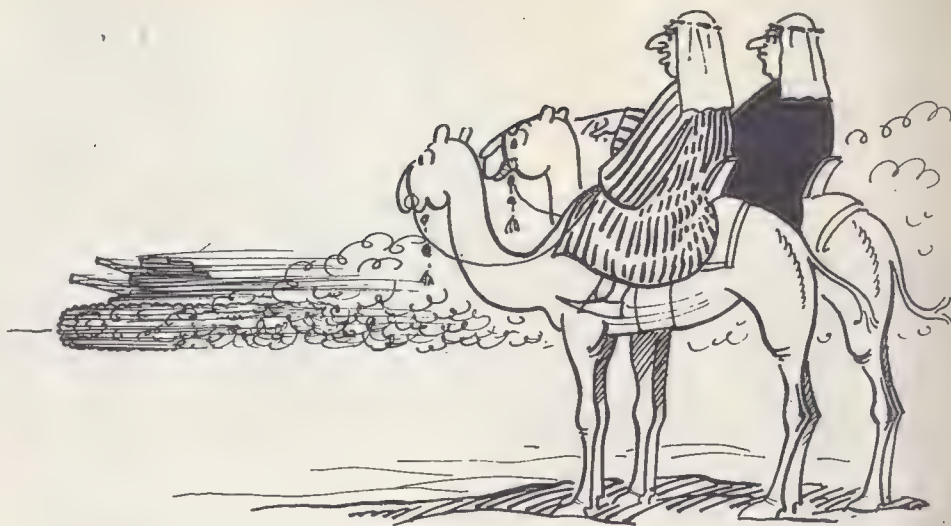
More interesting than Mr. Corder's uninspired disposal of Miss Martin, after doing her in, under the Red Barn floor is the way the jolly Suffolk locals enjoyed every minute of the subsequent proceedings. Polstead Cherry Fair coincided with the inquest, at which the coroner could hardly make himself heard for the rollicking. A non-stop puppet-show featured Mr. Corder liquidating Miss Martin, a dissenting pastor denounced Mr. Corder in a loud sermon on the scene of the crime, and the Red Barn was nearly carried away for souvenirs. The ensuing trial and public hanging of Mr. Corder, though even duller than the murder itself, wound up a kermesse the like of which Suffolk had not seen since Joe Guffin ate his grandmother.

Films and the B.B.C. have debauched rustic taste to such an extent that when there was a juicy murder near Eastbourne a few years ago the enormous crowds visiting the fatal bungalow showed no joie-de-vivre at all, and even the children and the traffic-cops forbore to dance. However, the wayside catering arrangements (hot dogs, lemonade, ices) were excellent, they say.

Attraction

ANNOUNCING breathlessly that the A.T.S. Red Caps are the kind of girls who can throw a 14-stone man, the Fleet Street boys seemed to think this is a new addition to feminine graces.

They forget the awful Fitness Girls, under whose serried tread the City shook in the last Lord Mayor's Show before the war, while their iron pans threw the citizenry into hushed dismay. They also forgot the big fighting girls of the booksy racket, whose favourite party trick is to hit Guards P.T. instructors through a six-inch wall. They also forgot George Eliot, who could juggle with three stout critics at once and tear the London Street Directory in half. Once at a party at Carlyle's this big girl playfully tore the entire works of Ruskin in pieces in three jerks. "I don't think much of that trick," said Ruskin petulantly; whereupon George Eliot seized Ruskin and tore him in half as well. "An un-womanly, nay, an un-English act!" cried John Stuart Mill, rather a desiccated prig, but everybody else thought it



D. Ravine

"The Infidels call it a ship of the Western Desert"

the best trick of the evening, and Carlyle's remark "Hmphm," meaning "I don't know what it is, but that Eliot kid has got something the others haven't got," about summed up the feeling of all present.

Finally the Fleet Street boys seem to forget the Health, Strength and Beauty girls, who could toss a policeman fifty yards, afterwards eating their Indian clubs with a musical laugh.

Gift

NOW that Kenneth Grahame's manuscript of *The Wind in the Willows* has been accepted by the Bodleian, one may expect to find wizened academic shapes queueing up

to scrutinise this lovely nursery classic with characteristic scepticism, unlike the jolly enthusiasm of bishops in the Athenæum roaring for *Winnie-the-Pooh*.

Five hundred years hence it will be discovered by some ape-like pedant that the author is not Kenneth Grahame but two, or even three persons—"W," "Z," and the Pseudo-Grahame (see Rümbergütz's monograph on Bürpmeister's examen of Zwolf-Grunthausen's *Beiträge zum Grahameproblem und der Konjunktiv bei Dischwassers Gegenbetreichengedichtersauschungsamtsweisen ausbruft* (Int. Journ. Lit. Prag. Prog. XCLV, Leipzig 1991, Z/M 36, ff. 188 seq. 7 [d] et seq.). Some Oxford don will then quote these Boche pedants reverently, on all-fours, adding maybe a little arid discovery of his own, for example:

It is, therefore, absolutely clear that the "Mr. Toad" of the Bodleiana is a forgery, or interpolation, by "Z," and not the Pseudo-Grahame. Burpwang's research shows that a "Mr. Joad" flourished during this era. He was apparently a popular singer and an idol of the populace, as Dr. Crummet of Cambridge deduces. (See also Mrs. Boake, *Music of the Early Twentieth Century*.) Undoubtedly, therefore, for "Toad" read "Joad," which answers Gumboyle's query as to Rümbergütz's difficulty, etc., etc., etc.

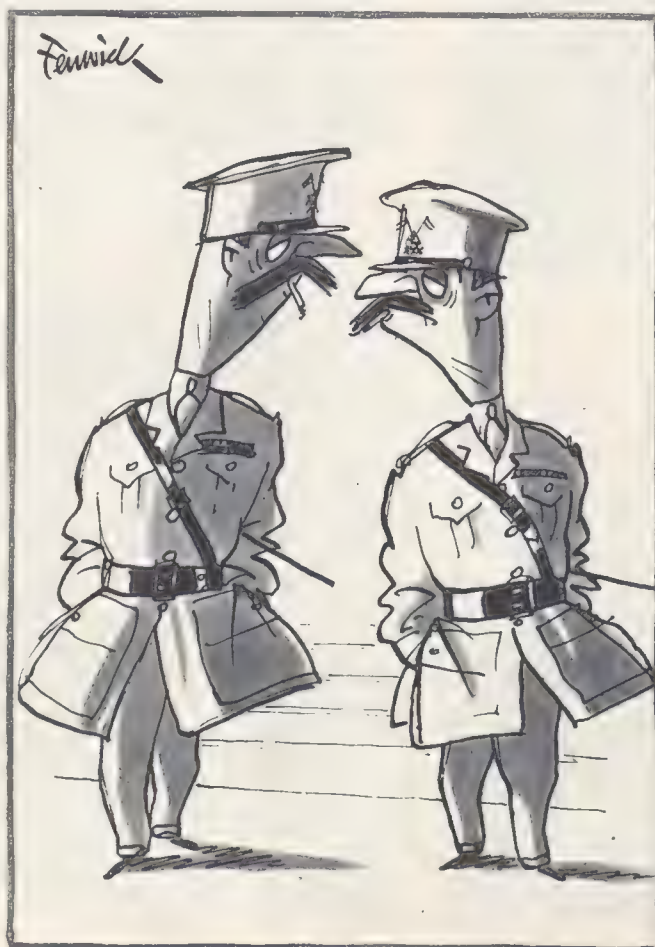
Thus the Higher Criticism, coming from Germany and long since dead, will undoubtedly revive in the New Utopia with Oxford kowtowing as before. Even Baconians don't seem such owlish goops as the H.C. boys, apart from having cleaner necks.

Pianissimo

HOLDING forth on the subtle art of understatement the other night, a chap on the air forgot a notable exhibition of poise and flegme britannique in Lawrence of Arabia's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. As you may remember, Lawrence on a snooping expedition got into a Turkish garrison at Deraa and was caught and flogged in an agonising manner and left half-dead. In the index-synopsis this incident appears thus: "A Turkish garrison (441) in detention (442) an argument (443-44) persuasions (444) which go too far (445)."

If overdone, this mannerism can soon become tiresome, but used within reason it is highly effective, like the studied mildness of the reply Dr. Johnson made to the abusive Thames bargee: "Sir, your wife, under the pretence of keeping a bawdy-house, is a receiver of stolen goods."

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Found a feller in the Pioneer Corps or something actually goin' up the steps of the Cavalry Club"

On Queen Mary's Birthday

Her Majesty in the West Country, with the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester—and the Pram

Queen Mary celebrated her seventy-sixth birthday a short time ago, in the heart of the West Country, where she now lives. On that day the good wishes of millions of people went out to that great and gracious lady, who has for so many years inspired the loyalty and affection of the British people. Amongst those who wished her Many Happy Returns were the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester—and, doubtless, Prince William, who, we feel sure, was the occupant of the perambulator in the picture below



Her Majesty Queen Mary

"The Moon is Down"

John Steinbeck's Fine Play of Invaders and Patriots Proclaims that Force, Begetting Force, Cannot Crush the Liberty and Spirit of Free Men

● The futility of force or "co-operation" and the survival of a nation's spirit through bloodshed and oppression is the theme of *The Moon is Down*, produced at the Whitehall on June 8th. John Steinbeck is the distinguished author of *Of Mice and Men* and *The Grapes of Wrath*. The film premiere in March of *The Moon is Down*, in New York, was attended by the Crown Prince Olaf and the Crown Princess Martha of Norway. The play does not specifically mention Nazis and Norwegians, but the parallel fits



Iron Hand—Velvet Glove

Karel Stepanek as Col. Lanser, in charge of the enemy forces, whose memories of the occupation of Belgium during the last war make him realise the futility of trying to crush the spirit of a nation by force



"Your Excellency . . . Madame . . ."

The arrival of Col. Lanser and his men at the Mayor's house. Dorothy Dewhurst as Madame Orden, Lewis Casson as Mayor Orden, W. E. Holloway as his lifelong friend Dr. Winter, and Karel Stepanek as Col. Lanser



A Blow in the Face: One Nazi to Another

Tonder: "Maybe the Leader's crazy. . . ." Loft (striking him across the face): "Lieutenant. Stop it." (Alan Haines as Lieut. Tonder, Humphrey Heathcote as Lieut. Prackle, Richard Carr as Capt. Loft, Julian d'Albie as Major Hunter—four, well-contrasted types and character studies



Orden: "We want to fight the Mayor, Molly, Annie, the men who are about to escape"



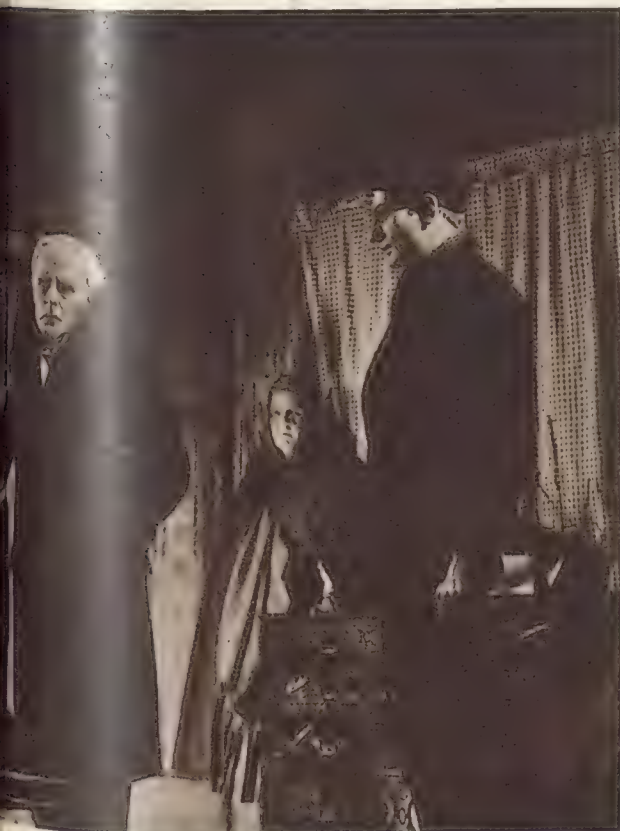
The Trial Scene

Order: "Alex, go knowing that these men will have no rest . . . no rest at all until they are gone, or dead. You will make the people one." Molly Morden (Paul Scofield), a young miner, is sentenced to death



"You Are Making Love to Me, Aren't You, Lieutenant?"

Molly Morden (Carla Lehmann) and the lonely Lieut. Tonder (Alan Haines). She reminds him that her husband, Alex, has been executed by his firing squad. Later she stabs him with a pair of long scissors



Fishermen's Quest

Order: "We can't. Tell them to give us weapons." The Mayor's servant (Margaret Boyd), and the two fishermen (Paul Scofield and Alan Haines) are on their way to England to join their country's Free Forces



Photographs by John Vickers

The Parting of Old Friends

The end of the play. . . . The Mayor has been made a hostage for the good behaviour of the townspeople. He must pay the penalty for revolt. Order: "Will you remember to pay the debt?" Winter: "The debt shall be paid."

Actively Engaged

Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale, Junior
Commander, Welfare Officer, Novelist;
at Home With Her Children

A busy woman these days is Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale, well known as Barbara Cartland, the novelist. Besides holding the honorary rank of Junior Commander in the A.T.S., she is Welfare Officer for Bedfordshire and Lady Cadet Officer for the St. John Ambulance and Nursing Cadets. A year ago she published a biography of her brother, the late Major Ronald Cartland, M.P. for King's Norton, and the first Member of Parliament to be killed, during the retreat from Dunkirk. She lives with her husband and three children—Raine, Ian and Glen—in a four-hundred-year-old thatched cottage at Great Barford, Bedfordshire.

River Cottage, Great Barford, is Mrs. McCorquodale's Home



Well-fed hens produce the necessary eggs. Ian distributes the grain, while Glen and Raine look after the eggs



Junior Commander McCorquodale, aided by her children, loads up the car with literature for the troops



Jan Kerrison, the composer, and Mrs. McCorquodale have collaborated on a song for the St. John Ambulance Brigade Cadets

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Corsairs Still Rampant in Tangier

TANGIER, so I hear, was at one time quite a nice spot, but now the "Protecting Power" has spoilt it and it is very expensive; not so bad, perhaps, as some paper at home has been trying to make out, but Black Market activities are rampant, owing to the lack of control, and for sheer incompetence a friend says the local authorities take first prize in any company. My correspondent says that we must not believe all the "nest of spies" stories we hear, for they are largely nonsense when Spain and Portugal are so near and wide open for the activities of these gentry. They still try to keep polo going in Tangier, but I gather that it is rather of the sticks and stand-on-the-ball type, but if they are lucky, they get two or three chukkas of nice gentle tittuping of three aside a few days a week.

By the Book of Arithmetic

SOMEONE more or less closely connected with the recent vivid events in North Africa has told me that the Man in the Blood and Sand could not quite understand the suddenness of the collapse of the Germans, in view of the subsequently proven fact that they had enough ammunition and food to carry on their delaying action for probably another four or five months. Putting aside for the moment the cardinal blunder of the Battle of the Two Stools and Alexander the Second's supreme jockeyship in going for the opening, let me suggest another reason. It has always been the method of the German General Staff to fight by the book of arithmetic, just like the fiery Tybalt, who was skewered in Verona a many years ago. They work every scheme out to several places of decimals, and when they have done that they convince themselves that it cannot possibly be wrong. Proof in the present case: their permitting Mussolini to order that fancy dress for his entry into Alexandria, and the booking of that suite of rooms in Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo for Rommel. The German General Staff do not allow for the possibility of the failure of the human element. After Alamein this possibility was sticking out a yard, but according to them there still remained

that Fabian chance. When that went, they scrapped the whole scheme, but they waited just too long. They cannot put this deplorable error on to Hitler, as they did Stalingrad, for he had been "Stellenbosched" long before Alamein, which must, therefore, be held to be Von Keitel's funeral. The Germans' overwhelming self-conceit will not permit them to admit that they can make a mistake. It will be recalled that they tried to pin this one on to the Italian Messe, but it was their own general who fell between the two stools. No man can with any safety sit on two at the same moment. Von Arnim could have sat upon one stool for a quite disconcerting length of time.

Figures Talk

AND this is what they said immediately after the decision of the Two Thousand and One Thousand Guineas: Nasrullah 100 to 9 against 5 to 1 for the Derby; Way In 5 to 1 against 12 to 1; Straight Deal 25 to 1 against 20 to 1; Kingsway 11 to 2 against 20 to 1; Umiddad 9 to 1 (before and after, which is a bit puzzling, because he must be virtually the same thing as Straight Deal *vide* the Dewhurst); Pink Flower 9 to 1 against 20 to 1; and as regards the Oaks, Ribbon 7 to 2 (before and after the One Thousand); Herringbone 7 to 2 against 16 to 1; Cincture 100 to 9 as against 16 to 1; Open Warfare 100 to 8 as against 16 to 1. Kingsway only won the Two Thousand by a short head from Pink Flower, with Way In another head away: Herringbone beat Ribbon a neck in the One Thousand, Cincture a length-and-a-half away. These figures did not represent any great weight of money, but they did represent something which I have always found it is foolish to ignore, the considered opinion of a very knowledgeable body, our friends The Enemy. It is the bookmakers' job to have the best possible information, either from their highly trained scouts or from their own visual observation, and some of them—particularly one eminent member of the profession, whom only the rule against advertising forbids me to name—can read a race a lot better than many of those who pretend that they can. The particular bookmaker I have in mind should, I think, make a pretty good handicapper; that



Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Shepherd

Mr. Sydney Shepherd, M.C., of Elston Hall, Notts., National Government candidate for Newark by-election, is a first-class sportsman and former Joint-Master of the South Notts. Foxhounds. He founded his fortune by saving all his Army pay during the last war and starting a one-man wool business

is to say, someone who knows that a "neck" might quite easily mean 7 lb. instead of only 1 lb., and, similarly, that a length all-out means a very different thing to a length where the artist on top is a good enough practitioner to make it look something else. There are only a few who can do this, but you get the idea? A good handicapper is born just like a good poet; the bad kind in both species is an abomination. Subsequent to those immediately-after-the-event figures, Way In has gone to 5 to 1, Kingsway to 6 to 1, Pink Flower to 8 to 1, Umiddad the same, Nasrullah to 10 to 1; and for the Oaks, Herringbone to 7 to 2, Ribbon to 4 to 1, Cincture to 10 to 1.

Little Divots of Humour

IT must be some consolation to the numerous sadder, but now wiser, persons who backed Nasrullah to win the Guineas, to find that his defeat has produced such a refreshing shower of humorous remarks, albeit they were not intended so to be. One commentator, whom I do not think can ever have had much to do with horses, and nothing at all with race-riding, has told us, that the moment Nasrullah was "taken off the bit" he ceased to take any interest in the conflict. By this, I suppose it

(Concluded on page 308)



The best child rider (under ten) was Miss A. Devereux, riding her pony Lord Willoughby de Broke. Mrs. Dermot McMorrough Kavanagh handed her the cup



Lady Wigram presented prizes for canine competitors, and she is seen giving the cup for the best dog in the show, won by Mrs. Arthur Browne's Blue Keren of Amerden



Lord Wigram, Permanent Lord-in-Waiting to the King, gave the cup to Colonel W. C. Devereux, M.F.H., for his horse Gold Dust, winner of the open saddle class

At Windsor Castle: the "Wings for Victory" Horse Show, Gymkhana and Dog Show



Radio Padre on Holiday

The Rev. R. Selby Wright, S.C.F., the Radio Padre and Senior Chaplain of the Edinburgh Garrison, is seen here on holiday with his clerk, Wallace Campbell, of the H.L.I. He speaks to over six million listeners a week, receiving from them thousands of letters



Commandos and U.S. Rangers Co-operate

Training together at a depot in the British Isles are members of the U.S. Rangers and British Commandos. This group includes, front row: Lt. Swisher, U.S.A. (Evanston, Ill.), Major M. Dunning-White, Major W. C. La T. Cockcraft, Lt.-Col. D. Mills-Robers, D.S.O., M.C., Capt. Lloyd M. Marr, U.S.A. (La Mesa, Tex.), Lt.-Col. Lord Lovat, D.S.O., M.C., C.O. the depot, Capt. Ernst, U.S.A. (York Village, Maine), Capt. A. Cowieson, Capt. G. B. Hoare, Lt. McNabb, U.S.A. (Bertram, Tex.), and Major Dawson

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

was intended to convey either (a) that he dropped his bit deliberately and refused to gallop, (b) that he was one of those flashy things that has done racing when he has done pulling, or (c) that his jockey did what is technically called drop his hands; that is to say, let go of his horse's head, thereby giving him the office that it was all over. Whichever it was—and personally I believe it was (a)—the result justified the remarks of the man who said,

after the recent Chatteris Stakes, which Nasrullah won by half-a-length, easily, as it was alleged, that he would not back him for the Derby with bad money. It may be recalled that after the race under notice the trumpets blared forth louder than ever, and we were assured that "confidence was entirely justified," that he was "a three-year-old of outstanding ability as good as he is handsome." This is very Dead Sea fruit now. Another critic of the deposed idol said that, when Nasrullah was not "bucking" he was "shrinking." This horse does not really know how to buck. Ask any Cornstalk who has seen him perform. If he did know, he has not the guts to try it on,

and if he really bucked no modern jockey could possibly stay with him. I do not quite know what "shrinking" is. It is only the real Brumby outlaw who is a master of bucking backwards. Ask any of our Aussie friends, who, no doubt, would have been much entertained by all this talk about Nasrullah the Buck Jumper. Whether this colt would have been any different if he had been given what he simply asked for the first time he played up, no one knows, but personally I doubt. I think he suffers from heart failure. It must be the size of a pea. My own belief is that he is no better than his namesake, who was a somewhat unpopular Eastern potentate by trade.



Cambridge University Cricket XI

When this picture was taken Cambridge, having previously drawn with an R.A.F. XI, beat Southgate by 5 wickets. Standing: W. S. Harris, W. S. M. Jameson, B. H. Farr, N. G. Dannah. Sitting: E. O. Jackson, T. J. B. Walker, G. L. Robins (captain), G. E. S. Woodhouse, J. B. Marriott. In front: D. B. Abbott, N. T. Fryer

D. R. Stuart



Oxford Cricketers

George Edward Dixon (centre), Oxford's cricket captain, is a Wykehamist, and a slow leg-break bowler. With him here are C. C. G. Forge, a left-arm bowler, who was in the team last year, and R. A. Stillman, a bat of distinction and the most promising freshman of the year

D. R. Stuart



—And Then the Gun Jams!

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

It's happened more than once—one of our submarines steals into an Italian harbour, surfaces, finds herself presented with a sitting target—and then the gun jams. Here is our artist's version of the incident, portrayed with much local colour and nautical detail. The conning-tower and gun are just clear of the water; the gun's crew, officers and ratings, have clambered up from below. In a few moments shore batteries and the Italian man-o-war at anchor will open fire. But the breech of the gun has jammed—fish are all over the place, one down the barrel, another with its gills stuck in the after-periscope. Can the gun be cleared in time and persuaded to do its stuff? Meanwhile, panic reigns on the Italian destroyer, and in the prow of the rowing-boat an Italian Admiral prepares for the worst

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Fidelity

SUMMER in the air and that long-promised E. M. Delafield novel make a cheerful opening to the reviewer's week. *Late and Soon* (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.) has been worth waiting for—the wit, the handling of character, the truthfulness of feeling, the power to hold one's interest, do not for a moment fail. If the opening mood is autumnal, the close is spring-like. The heroine, Valentine Arbell, is a woman of forty-four: she has been a widow for twelve years; her conventional marriage, though not unhappy, has failed to bring into full flower her nature once touched by an early frost. Her daughters, whose childhood had been so dear, are perceptibly growing away from her: the elder has been on her own in London for some years, the younger expects to be called up any day now. Reluctantly, Valentine realises that the two girls will not return to take up their lives at Coombe—that large Devonshire country house whose traditions she and her brother, General Levallois, strive to preserve, though in a ghostly form.

Since the last war, change and decay have been creeping up upon Coombe; this war looks likely to deal it the final blow. The time is January 1942. We meet Lady Arbell and her brother, standing under the portico, watching rain drive over the park, with its brambles, nettles and docks. The General says he supposes they had better have the tennis-court dug over. "My dear girl," he adds, as she murmurs a protest, "who do you think is ever going to play tennis here again?"

This reads less like a beginning than like an end. But fate is to come to the door in the form of a young officer tugging the broken bell. And the next few days are to confront Valentine with a situation utterly unforeseen. Of the two officers she consents to have billeted at Coombe, one, Colonel Loneran, proves to be none other than the Rory Loneran, once an art student, with whom, as a young girl of sixteen, she had a brief, idyllic love-affair in Rome. Though Rory, not being of Valentine's social world, had been dismissed by her parents, his image stayed in her heart.

The evening before the arrival of the officers, Primrose, the elder of the Arbell daughters, telephones from London that she is coming home. Primrose's renewed interest in Coombe is not, as her shrewd younger sister suspects, unconnected with the arrival of Colonel Loneran. In fact, the two have begun an affair in London, and have now made an assignation in Primrose's mother's house.

Primrose is "out," where Loneran is concerned, from the moment he finds again, in his hostess, his young lost love of the Pincio gardens. But difficulties still bristle on every side. The reactions of the innocent, sheltered girl who must learn that the man she cares for has been her mother's lover used to be a popular subject

with dramatists of the Pinero period. In *Late and Soon*, we have the situation reversed: in this case, it is the mother who is the innocent, sheltered one. Valentine's old-fashioned reticence has already set up a barrier between her and Primrose. The situation for the mother and daughter (whose codes are so very different), and for the Irishman, is delicate and potentially agonising. To cap all, the Coombe household is joined, at a few hours' notice, by Valentine's observant and mischievous sister-in-law, Venetia Rockingham, and Primrose's neurotic hanger-on, Hughie Spurway, of the B.B.C.

Too Much With Us

"THE world is too much with us, late and soon. . . ." Peace would seem essential to the solution of this emotional problem, with all the conflicts that it involves. (For Loneran, apart from the Primrose question, is in a pretty tangle himself; part of his heart is still with a dead Frenchwoman; also, he feels a renewed, jealous antagonism to the cold, formal English world that has taken Valentine from him once already.) But peace is not to be found. Ironically, the once too-empty Coombe is crowded—young girls, young officers, young and inept servants, dogs, a village sewing-party, incisive Lady Rockingham, unstrung Hughie or the disgruntled General crop up at every turn. None are blind to the situation, and few approve. This *could* be a brilliant comedy. But Miss Delafield has, I think rightly, kept to the heart of the matter, which she treats with the gravity it deserves. Even so, the midnight scene on the landing shows present, though always under control, her really exquisite comic sense.

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

PUBS and pictures . . .
Pubs and pictures—
with dancing and dog-

racing as two "sandwiches." How many millions of men and women can conceive of no really enjoyable leisure hours after their work is done beyond these blind-alley amusements? With, of course, the wireless blaring on and on from morning to night, and nobody bothering to listen. Bereft, even temporarily, of all this, they wilt! Outside, as I sit writing this article, a batch of convalescing patients from a nearby Home are standing bored and restless at the corner of the street. They are waiting impatiently for The Plough to open wide its doors. Equally bored and equally restless the female patients are wandering around together, on the alert lest a queue form up outside the local cinema and someone else gets ahead of them.

Meanwhile, overhead the sunshine is reaching its peak period of a June afternoon. Within a very short distance a lovely countryside is ablaze in its spring pageantry. There is beauty enough and to spare within ten minutes' walk from where they idly stand. Nevertheless, they seem to avoid it like the plague. I have only rarely come across them anywhere except in the one real street of this little town. Once I explained to one of them how, if she walked down a nearby lane and ascended a low hill, she would see a vista which for variety and beauty is unique in the district. "I would like to see it," she told me, "if I had

By Richard King

anybody to go with."
When I suggested going
alone, her expression

reflected the immediate flight of one who was being persuaded against her will to attend a lecture on Buddha delivered in the Sanskrit! She just couldn't face up to it.

Once again I thought how idiotic it is of these blithe elderly post-war planners to visualise a happy new world due to higher education, which did not, at the same time, place the education of leisure as co-important with education as a means towards worldly advancement. So far as wisdom is concerned, it is, perhaps, even more important in terms of happiness. For a human herd which is almost totally dependent upon organised attraction to rob it of inner-boredom, and which is desperately lonely if divorced from pubs, pictures, dancing and dog-racing, is, has been, and always will be an easy prey for every tin-pot agitator and wordy-elocquence and fanatical propaganda. And few of the flowers of the greater freedom can flourish long on such a ground. With all their so-called "thinking" done for them, and all their idea of entertainment heavily taxed, they will not easily found within themselves that independent individuality which alone can enrich life, and, through life, the nobler world. And by the loss of it there will again arise the boggy of inner-boredom, which in these scientific and mechanical days is the cause of most sin and nearly all the mental restlessness of frustration.



An Official War Artist

Capt. Anthony Beauchamp, photographed on the steps of the Imperial Secretariat, in New Delhi, G.H.Q., India, is now official war artist to the Indian Army. Besides his sketches, he will take both still and moving pictures with his camera. In 1940 his portraits and "Camera and Crayon" series appeared in *The Tatler and Bystander*

And we enjoy, throughout, a number of smiles. The dogs, the young people and the domestic crises are true to Delafield form. Young Jess, impatiently waiting to be called up for the W.A.A.F., is memorable. Coombe, the unheated great house, with its meagrely formal dinners, is a masterpiece. But it is Valentine

herself who dominates—only, somehow, the verb seems too heavy for her—*Late and Soon*. Her delicate but strong feelings could only be rendered by this novelist's at once strong and delicate pen. I did not—was one meant to?—think highly of Colonel Loneran, with his disciplined moodiness and his determination to talk everything out. It seemed to me one would find him very fatiguing. Also, toute vérité n'est pas bonne à dire.

Literature of the Heart

"PILGRIM CHILDREN," by Jean Lorimer (Frederick Muller; 6s.), is the record of an historic experiment. It has for subject Britain's 3,500 "unofficial ambassadors"—those children who, in the dark late summer and early autumn of 1940, sailed from our shores to the Dominions and the United States, under the scheme framed by Sir Geoffrey Shakespeare, M.P.—the Children's Overseas Reception Scheme. Sir Geoffrey, in the Foreword he fittingly contributes to this book, speaks of "an experiment in the overseas settlement of children on a scale never previously attempted. The scheme," he reminds us, "was authorised by the War Cabinet on the day France capitulated—June 17th, 1940—and ended on October 3rd, 1940, after (Concluded on page 312)

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Scott — Hughes

Capt. J. S. Scott, R.A., elder son of Col. and Mrs. J. M. B. Scott, of Edinburgh, married Joan Lovell Hughes, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. P. H. Hughes, of Stone Cross Farm House, Ashurst, at Fordcombe Church, Kent



Llewelyn-Davis — Leveson

Lt. T. Llewelyn-Davis, R.N., only son of Cdr. and Mrs. J. Llewelyn-Davis, of Pilchard's Corner, Port Gaverne, married Sybil Elsie Leveson, elder daughter of Capt. and Mrs. B. Leveson, of Enton Brook, Godalming, at St. Peter's, Vere Street, W.1



Mackenzie — Marshall

Lt. R. R. B. Mackenzie, R.N., youngest son of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. W. B. Mackenzie, of Caldervan, Balloch, married Rowena Anne, youngest daughter of the late Harley Marshall and Mrs. Harley Marshall, of Dunduff, Dunfermline, at Holy Trinity Church, Dunfermline



Bennett — Smith

Sub-Lt. Anthony V. W. Bennett, R.N.V.R., younger son of the late Capt. R. C. Bennett, and Mrs. Nora Bennett, of Weymouth, married Barbara Tarrant Smith, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. C. S. Smith, of 49, Beaufort Mansions, Chelsea, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Hertzberg — Bruce

Capt. Peter A. Hertzberg, R.C.E., son of Major-Gen. and Mrs. C. S. L. Hertzberg, of Toronto, Canada, married Marjorie Anne Bruce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Bruce, of Coombe Cottage, Highclere, Hants, at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street



Bromhead — Horne

Capt. John Bromhead, R.E., eldest son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. A. C. Bromhead, of Douglas House, Petersham, Surrey, married Denise Horne, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Horne, of Greenlans, Albury, Guildford, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Pollard — Harvey

F/Lt. Derek Pollard, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Pollard, of Reading, married Marguerite Harvey, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. A. W. Harvey, of Dawlish, Devon, late of Oran, Algeria, at Dawlish Parish Church



Wood — Isett

F/O. Michael Wood, R.A.A.F., only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Wood, of Adelaide, S. Australia, married Nina Isett, elder daughter of Air Cdre. and Mrs. Isett, of Wellington, New Zealand, at St. Mary Abbot's Church, Kensington



Curtis — Hadfield

Major A. D. E. Curtis, R.E., elder son of Brig. and Mrs. A. D. Curtis, married Miss K. M. Hadfield, younger daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. T. Hadfield of Sheffield, Yorkshire, at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 297)

Capt. and Mrs. Ronald Strutt. Another family gathering consisted of Lady Anne Hunloke, who wore a cerise-coloured coat and was talking to her nephew, Lord Andrew Cavendish, and Lady Andrew Cavendish, who looked very youthful in a black flared coat and a very becoming tank beret.

Major and Mrs. Dermot McCalmont were over on a visit from Ireland. He has been Master of the Kilkenny Hounds for many years and shows brilliant sport in his wonderful country, and Mrs. McCalmont, who, as June Nickalls, was well known as a good one to go with the Pytchley. The Irish contingent also included the caravan dwellers, Major and Mrs. Luke Lillingston (they have a lovely place near Limerick Junction called Mount Coote, but find this the best solution of the shifting-house problem); Miss Grania Kennedy, who is a W.A.A.F., but wore a real Irish green outfit to the races; Mr. Paddy McCann, who is well known in the Ward country and one of the many Irishmen serving in H.M.'s forces, and Mr. Frankie More O'Ferrall, who was broadcasting the big race for the B.B.C.

The theory that this was an exceptionally open race was borne out by the thrilling finish, a short head and a head separating the first three, and by their starting prices—Kingsway, the winner, 18 to 1; Pink Flower, second, 100 to 9; and Way In third, 100 to 9. Mr. A. E. Saunders, the owner of the winner, looked almost overcome by his good fortune. He is one of the leading figures in the milk-production campaign, and, as a comparatively new owner, is to be heartily congratulated on his quick turn of luck.

Winners and Losers

LORD and Lady Willoughby de Broke, as connections of the Pink Flower stable, must have been very disappointed at his being beaten a short head after swerving. Lady Willoughby de Broke has had her hair cut short, a style which suits her very well, and looked very pretty in a tan-coloured suit. She is seldom able to fit in a day's racing nowadays as she works very hard in a canteen. Other disappointed owners present must have been the Hon. Dorothy Paget, whose much-fancied Straight Deal failed to stay; and Lord Sefton, whose Deimos ran a very game race, although the course did not suit him.

Lord and Lady Manton were together, she in pale blue; Lord and Lady Durham and her mother, Lady Bullough, were watching the horses in the paddock, although their great interest must have been in their mare, Cincture, due to run in the 1000 Guineas on the following day. Tommy Weston appeared in naval uniform. This great jockey volunteered for active service in the Navy on the outbreak of war, although over-age at the time. His adventures have been legion.

The stage was well represented by the unsurpassable Bud Flanagan, who is an ardent racing fan, and Miss Florence Desmond.

Others seen during the day were Lady Chesterfield, who was staying in Captain Boyd-Rochfort's party at Freemason Lodge, as were Capt. "Bobbie" Petre and Mr. "Attie" Persse; Lord Zetland, Miss Rosemary and Miss Edwina Drummond, Lady Wyfold, Lady Beatty, who was talking to Mrs. John Dewar; Capt. and Mrs. John Bailward, Lord Rendlesham, Mrs. Alan Palmer, Mrs. Gardner, Sir Richard Sykes, the Hon. Anthony Mildmay, Major Tommie MacDougall, who used to be Master of the Old Berks; and Major James Windsor Lewis, whose escape from a German prison hospital after the fall of France makes an adventurous story.



Sir William Jowitt's Daughter Engaged

Miss Penelope Jowitt, the only child of Sir William and Lady Jowitt, of 61, Marsham Court, Westminster, is engaged to Dr. George Wynn-Williams, M.B., B.S., M.R.C.O.G., elder son of Dr. and Mrs. Wynn-Williams, of Middlesbrough. Sir William Jowitt is Minister without Portfolio and M.P. for Ashton-under-Lyne

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 310)

the sinking of the children's ship, the City of Benares. Between these dates 3,500 children were sent overseas. At the moment of suspension some 18,000 children, medically examined and with all the complicated preliminaries completed, were ready to embark. But for the fact that the seas became too dangerous, we should have sent all of the 210,000 children in respect of whom applications were made; the only limiting factor was the availability of suitable ships to transport them."

The boys and girls who did sail—the 3,500—in what spirit did they set out; how did they fare? In *Pilgrim Children*, they tell us in their own words. Miss Lorimer has done a beautiful piece of work in collecting and fitting together, with just enough explanation, letters from the children to their people at home. And, that we may also see their adventures from the outside, she has added letters from the Dominion and American foster-parents to the real parents, in England. The compilation of *Pilgrim Children*, the selection of these particular letters from a fascinating mass of human material, the supplying of the background of facts, must have involved an understanding and patience that the result triumphantly justifies. Here is something of double value: a document of childhood, and a document of one aspect of the war.

It is hard to define the effect produced on one by these letters; they bring a lump to one's throat, but they make one proud. Take the children's first—it was in my mind, all the time, that the writers came from homes that, in most cases, they had not left till now. They were not the children of well-to-do parents; they had been to day-schools rather than boarding-schools; pre-war foreign holiday travel would have been outside of their way of life; the sea, as a rule, meant the seaside. A hostility to, or dread of, the unknown, and a proneness to home-sickness, might well have resulted. They were all under sixteen; many were not in their teens yet—in fact, they were none of them at an age when one expects, or is expected, to make decisions. Yet free will was involved in their setting-out; they were not simply "sent," they made up their own minds to go. (It speaks well for the happy democracy of the British home that the parents, in all cases, talked the matter out with the children.) The dangers of the journey, the possible length of their absence, the uncertainty of the future, were not kept from them. They took ship, with their chins up, into the unknown; they came into port singing. And their poise, their courage, their friendliness and their adaptability were to gain honour, not only for them, but for Britain, in the great new lands that were waiting to welcome them.

Impressions

WHAT strikes a child first, or most, about a new country? That depends, of course, both on the country and on the child. Girls notice one thing, boys another. . . . The letters are delicious—excitement, curiosity and the sense of adventure radiate from them. All the writers are spontaneous and very frank; many show a surprising turn for description. Over home-sickness they show the control of heroes—though the wistful dwelling on memories does rather wring one's heart.

As for the letters from the new "parents" abroad to the parents left behind in England: these use the vivid language of sympathy. Imagination, at its kindest, went to the writing—there is the wish to tell what the reader most wants to know. All the daily details of the children's lives are touched in. Thus, incidentally, we get inside pictures of American, Australian, Canadian, New Zealand and South African homes. You can watch first friendliness, then intimacy, spring up (around one dear subject in common, the children) between grown-ups living thousands of miles apart. . . . *Pilgrim Children* is an inspiring book—here is a wartime record of human nature at its most sound and tender, most kind and sane!

"Pigs in the Salon"

"It seems so awful," says the middle-aged, decent Frenchwoman. "Like having pigs in the salon." She refers to the German occupation of Paris—and this attitude, if less prosaically expressed, is that of all the non-German characters in Louis Bromfield's *Until the Day Break* (Cassell; 8s. 6d.). Three cosmopolitans—d'Abizzi, the Levantine theatre-manager, Roxie Dawn, the American variety star, and Nicky, her Russian lover—are whole-hearted children of Paris by adoption and grace, though not by birth. They suffer with the city in her humiliation; they resent her defilement by the barbarians. And their resentment does not remain passive: soon all three play their parts in underground organisations.

D'Abizzi is forced by the Germans to keep his show running—"Paris, Toujours Paris"—in which Roxie, with the insouciance thousands have loved, nightly strolls down a staircase clad in a few gold feathers. The invaders gape; but meanwhile the theatre, together with the cellars of Roxie's house, is providing cover for desperate work. Göring, painted up to the nines, is on view at Maxim's, but perversion and neurosis reach a subtler point in the figure of Major von Wesselhoff, whom it is Roxie's business to keep in play. . . . *Until the Day Break* could not be more exciting: I found it difficult to put down.

Salad Days

"SIMPLE SALADS," by Ambrose Heath (Faber and Faber; 3s. 6d.), makes a timely appearance. The fruits of our digging for victory can, it appears, be relished in new, piquant, cool and agreeable summer forms. More can go into a salad than you might think. By all means acquire the book, and try.



The best by far
in peace or war



HUNTLEY &
PALMERS
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Supreme in Quality for over a Century

Owing to Government Restrictions supplies are limited and are now only available in certain areas. No Direct Sales



DELIGHTFULLY cool, creamy and refreshing . . . yet exceptionally sustaining and invigorating . . . 'Ovaltine' mixed cold is an ideal summer drink for everyone.

By preparing it as a cold drink you lose none of the important nutritive elements which have made 'Ovaltine' so widely popular as a health-giving food beverage.

Scientifically prepared from Nature's best foods 'Ovaltine' provides nourishment to body, brain and nerves and helps to build up reserves of strength and energy. For this reason a glass of Cold 'Ovaltine' will do much to make light summer meals more nourishing and revitalising.

Cold 'Ovaltine' is easily prepared by adding 'Ovaltine' to cold milk, or milk and water, and mixing thoroughly with an egg whisk, or in a shaker.

Ovaltine MIXED Cold

F613A

No one can fail to be interested in suggestions for practising economy when using the Cyclax Beauty preparations, whose G.H.Q. is 58, South Molton Street. For instance, steep the cotton wool in water before applying the Cleansing Lotion: very small quantities of the lotion can then be used. If the Day Lotion becomes thick, it may be diluted with a little plain or distilled water. Frankly, many of the creams cannot be diluted, but if the fingers are warmed the cream will spread more easily. Lipstick ends can be used to the last smear with a screw of blotting-paper in the shape of a pencil. All interested in the economical aspect of beauty should write to this firm asking for further hints. It is regretted that limitations of space prohibit it being discussed here. Some of the preparations are portrayed on right



THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE

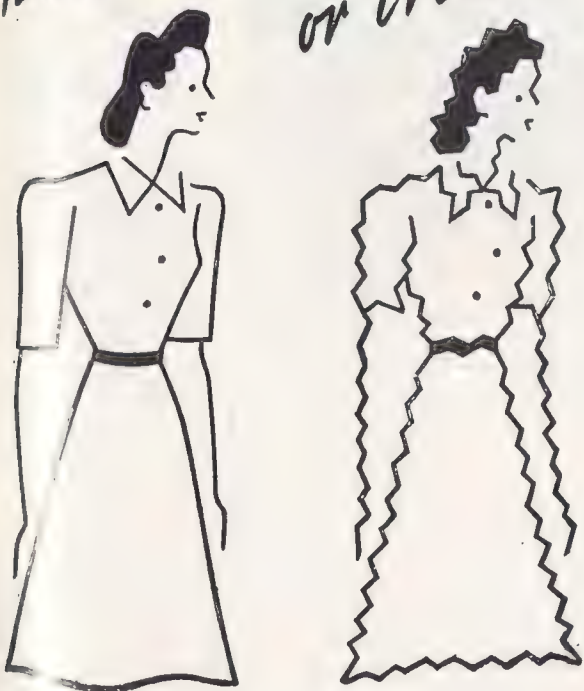


It is cut that counts in the top coat, and it is this that is ever embodied in those which are sponsored by Nicolls, of Regent Street. A toll has been levied on all suitable materials for their fashioning. To them must be given the credit of the one portrayed above. It will be seen that there is freedom of action from shoulder to waist; it is semi-fitting and can be slipped on in the fraction of a second. Another point in its favour is that on cold days it can be worn over a woolly. It is light, warm and perfectly ventilated: linings may be added when desired. It is an excellent wartime coat. Some of the models have belts, while others are innocent of the same; the Raglan sleeve is well represented. The "classic" coat and skirt is looked on with favour, and so are those of the jumper character—a blouse frequently takes the place of the jumper. The needs of men and women in the Services have been carefully considered

Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, are enterprising, and believe in looking forward, hence they have now a speciality gown department. In it are to be seen frocks which are perfectly practical and distinctive; subsequently, they may be modified to suit the season. For instance, a long dress can be shortened and other gadgets may be introduced. It is moss crepe that makes the house frock on the right; the basis of it is black, while the decoration is in gay colours. There is nothing whose length of life is longer than a perfectly plain black dress, all monotony being banished by just a touch of costume jewellery—it may be a necklace, bracelet, clip or brooch. Ribbon bows which can be pinned on are of great assistance, or a bolero looks well with these simple frocks. This department may well be styled an Aladdin's Cave for useful and practical frocks, whose aspect may be varied by accessories and worn throughout the year



*Always fresh -
or creased?*



When you **MUST** buy,
remember . . .

Choose fabrics branded 'Tebilized' and you make sure of tested crease-resistance and subtler draping. Because 'Tebilized' branded rayon and cotton fabrics have the crease-resistance natural to wool, they keep fresh, need less ironing and washing. They also save valuable raw materials for war industry because they have stabler dyes, reduced shrinkage-risk and longer useful life. So when you must buy something new to wear, look for the 'Tebilized' brand—on Utility rayons, too. That is your guide to war-winning thrift as well as handbox smartness!

fabrics branded **TEBILIZED**
have tested crease - resistance

'TEBILIZED' TRADE MARK USERS ASSOCIATION
2 COOPER STREET, MANCHESTER 2

pocket
wise



Smart women today prefer "Gor-ray"

Skirts not only because they are well made and stylish, but also because they have the ZWOW. A combined pocket and placket, the ZWOW will carry your handkerchief, loose change, and other articles and give you a neat, unbroken hip line without buttons or other fasteners to cause bulkiness. There is no wiser return for clothing coupons. Drapers and stores everywhere stock "Gor-ray" Skirts in a variety of designs and materials.

GOR-RAY
Skirts

LOOK FOR THE
'GOR-RAY' LABEL
ON THE
WAISTBAND

All the better with the
'Zwow' Pocket Placket Fastening . .

Issued by: C. STILLITZ, Royal Leamington Spa

Scientific

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

A GENTLEMAN from Philadelphia had two seats for a musical comedy. The seats were right down in front of the house, but at seven o'clock at night, the Philadelphian found that he would be unable to go. So he phoned the box office and asked the management to exchange the tickets for another night.

His request was refused. The management was within its rights, of course, but the customer didn't look at it in that light. He was very angry. And the more he drank during dinner, the more furious he became. So he finally hit upon the old idea.

"I'm going out," he told a friend, "and give these swell tickets to one of the worst tramps I can find. He'll be so dirty that he'll smell up the theatre. I'll show those guys that they can't fool around with me. Just wait."

And he kept his word. He taxied across town to a most unsavoury neighbourhood, entered a drinking saloon and offered the boss a five dollar note to dig him up the filthiest specimen in the vicinity. The boss sent out a few scouts. And within ten minutes they had rounded up a derelict that was just about the last word in tramps.

The Philadelphian brought out the tickets.

"Don't think I'm crazy or anything," he said, "but I want you to sit in these seats tonight. You're going to see the show, and you're right down in the second row. And not only that, but I'll provide you with a good meal and a taxi that will take you back and forth. Here are the tickets."

The tramp drew back.

"Just a minute, buddy," he growled, suspiciously. "Wot's de name of de show?"

AN old lady, tired of standing on the platform seeing a friend off at an Isle of Wight junction, asked the engine-driver how much longer the delay would be.

"I'm waiting for the points, ma'am," replied the driver.

"Dear, dear! Yes, to be sure," said the old lady. "You would, of course, want a lot of points for an engine."

"OH, porter," cried the fair young thing, "does this train go first or the one on Platform No. 4?"

"No. 4, miss," replied the porter; "it's due off in a minute, but if you run you'll catch it."

"Yes; but have I got time to run over there and miss it and then come back and catch this one?"

HITLER, it is reported, attended a big banquet, to prepare which, two French chefs were specially brought from France.

Before the banquet began, Goering proposed a toast: "To that genius, our Fuehrer, who sees everything, hears everything, and knows everything."

The first French cook turned to his colleague and whispered: "I bet he doesn't know I've put castor oil in his soup!"



John Vickers

Stella Moya, now appearing in "Magic Carpet," the new Firth Shephard show at Princes Theatre, is half Chinese. She speaks eight languages, and is already well known for her broadcasting with Nat Gonella and his Georgians. In Sweden at the outbreak of war, she made an exciting escape via Norway, Belgium and France, finally arriving in this country in the same "hell-ship" as Somerset Maugham.

IN one of the chain cafeterias in Chicago, a customer sat and inhaled his soup with terrific amount of noise. The din grew so loud that the proprietor walked over with a frown on his face.

The customer looked up with a grin.

"I always make a lot of noise when I have soup," he explained. "The more I enjoy it, the louder the noise."

The proprietor beamed. "Then," he said, "you must be enjoying your soup tremendously."

This time it was the customer who frowned.

"I can't really tell yet," he replied. "You see, I'm hard of hearing!"

A PILOT who had baled out in North Africa was coming down when he was amazed to see another man with his parachute going up.

"Hi, there!" he shouted. "What's happening to you?"

"It's all right, old man," came the reply. "Mine's coming."

tent. It's windy down below."

A YOUNG doctor and a young dentist shared the services of a typist, and both fell in love with her.

The dentist was called away on business, so he sent for the typist, and said: "I am going to be away for ten days. You will find a little present in your room."

She went in, and found ten apples.

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Tango Hats

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delightful pastel
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THE model
combines
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A gown which
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attractive for
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Colours — Dove
blue, and soft pink

£11.13.6
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Kensington



Just right for a wartime wedding, this
becoming ensemble is in a dull surfaced
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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Who Thought of it?

THE great dam-busting controversy still rages at the time I am writing these notes, and it looks as if it will continue to rage, on and off, until long after the war. The point is who thought of attacking the German dams at Mohne and Eder?

My own answer to this question is: Everybody. And that brings me to one of the failings of inventors as a body. I have often been so strong a supporter of inventors that I shall be excused if I reveal some of their shortcomings. One is that they do not always recognise the gulf that is fixed between an idea and its execution.

To propose that the great Axis hydro-electric plants should be put out of action by the breaching of the dams was easy; to say exactly how to breach the dams was exceedingly difficult.

A dam is a vast piece of masonry. It takes a great deal of shifting. To say haughtily to the Royal Air Force: Why don't you go and "blow up" the German dams was not particularly difficult or helpful. What was wanted was an appropriate technique for blowing them up.

There can be no doubt that more than one person had placed at the Government's disposal the fullest particulars of the enemy's hydro-electric plants. Some great experts on the subject had—to my certain knowledge—offered their services.

But it was not until an ingenious person had devised a means of breaching the dams that the information about them became useful. So let us not get het up about who proposed breaching the dams, but about who devised the method for breaching them.

The whole argument reminds me of the experience of those who dealt in inventions at the Admiralty during the last war. They still occasionally recount the story of the inventor who had hit upon a new means of destroying enemy submarines.

It seems that he had discovered that no submarine could continue to exist in boiling water. So he went

to the Admiralty and under pledge of secrecy, revealed this fact to the appropriate officers. They asked him how he proposed to boil the sea water.

At this the inventor bridled and said that he was an inventor and he had come a long way and gone to much trouble in giving them a great idea. Working out the details was *their* business.

Getting Down to it

THE Thirty-first Wilbur Wright Memorial Lecture before the Royal Aeronautical Society, which was given on May 27 by Dr. Edward P. Warner, was certainly the finest contribution we have yet had to clear thinking about the future civil transport aeroplane.

Dr. Warner, who is one of America's greatest aeronautical engineers, presented a complete study of the things which affect practical development and so doing offered to aviation at large a permanent work of reference which will be consulted whenever fresh transport aircraft designs are being prepared.

The lecture came at about the moment when the attacks on Germany by Bomber Command were rising to a new peak and, curious as it may seem at first, gathered importance and topical value from that fact.

For much of the technique of operating large numbers of bombers by night and of concentrating them upon a single target, will be applicable to the handling of big traffic volumes at the aerodromes of peace.

I was interested in some of the traffic figures quoted by Dr. Warner, and especially in his remark: "I think it is reasonable to hope that the capacity of a well-planned and well-operated airport may be increased to forty landings and sixty take-offs during the busiest hour of the day, or four times the total attained in 1941 at New York, and that that number of operations would be kept close to schedule, landing and taking off at their designated intervals, even in low visibility."



W/Cdr. R. N. Renolds,
D.S.O., D.F.C.

W/Cdr. Renolds, a bomber pilot, who comes from Cheltenham, led one of the Mosquito formations when making their longest trip over enemy territory to bomb the famous Zeiss works at Jena

He went on to say that even that figure could be exceeded with appropriate numbers of parallel sets of runways and suggested that 150 operations per hour might be within reach in bad weather and even under instrument-flying conditions.

There is a promising starting point for visualising the sort of scope of air transport in the future. But an even more interesting point was concerned with optimum size of aircraft.

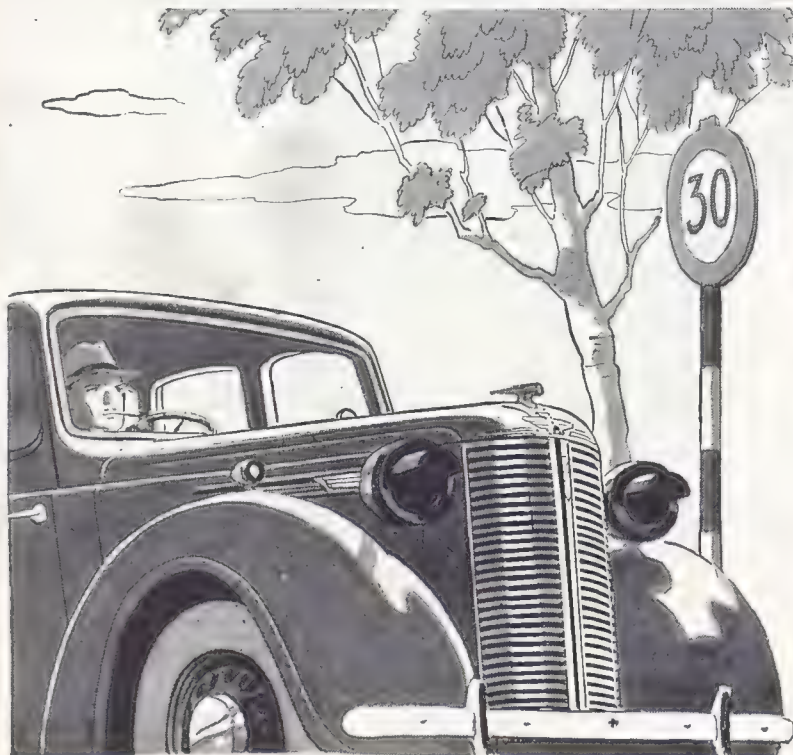
Frequency and Aircraft

PUBLIC thought turns naturally to the idea of immense aircraft for the future. There seems to be some thrill in contemplating such machines. But objective examination of operating conditions shows that for many purposes the comparatively small machine should be of greater value than the large one.

Frequency of service is likely to be of the greatest importance. It is no use conveying a large number of passengers at high speed if the intervals between one service and the next are extended beyond a certain point. It is then better to convey fewer passengers in greater numbers of separate trips.

We should beware of being mesmerised by size when we think of the transport aircraft of the future. There is a need for the huge machine, of course. Mr. Miles has given some cogent reasons for believing that the huge aircraft will play an extremely large part in the future of air transport. But we should not forget the innumerable routes along which it would be more advantageous to operate small or medium-sized machines.

It may be that the supreme success of the Douglas D.C.3 was in part due to its size being just right to fit so many of the conditions of pre-war air-route work. At any rate we must not forget the small machine. It has its purpose which is as important as—though it may be less spectacular than—that of the big one.



FROM AUSTINS TO AUSTIN OWNERS



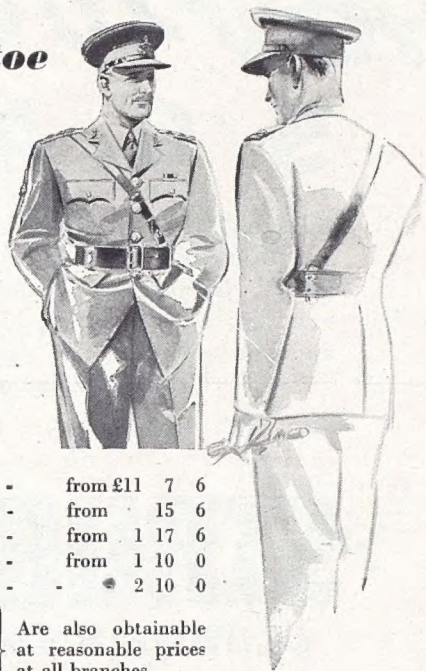
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Do you know that at 30 m.p.h. your tyres last twice as long as at 50 m.p.h.? In your own, and in the Country's interests, it pays to keep 'within the limit' even on the open road. If your work takes you over bad roads, reduce your speed still further. Running a tyre on a rough surface at the same speed as on a smooth one doubles the rate of wear. Uneven surfaces cause wheel spin and needless friction, while pot-holes taken at speed can easily fracture casings.

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for those who need it most**

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Horlicks also goes to hospitals, to certain war factories, and to

miners who are doing vital work under most trying conditions.

Nevertheless, some Horlicks is still being supplied to the shops. Please leave it for those who need it most. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS



BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI

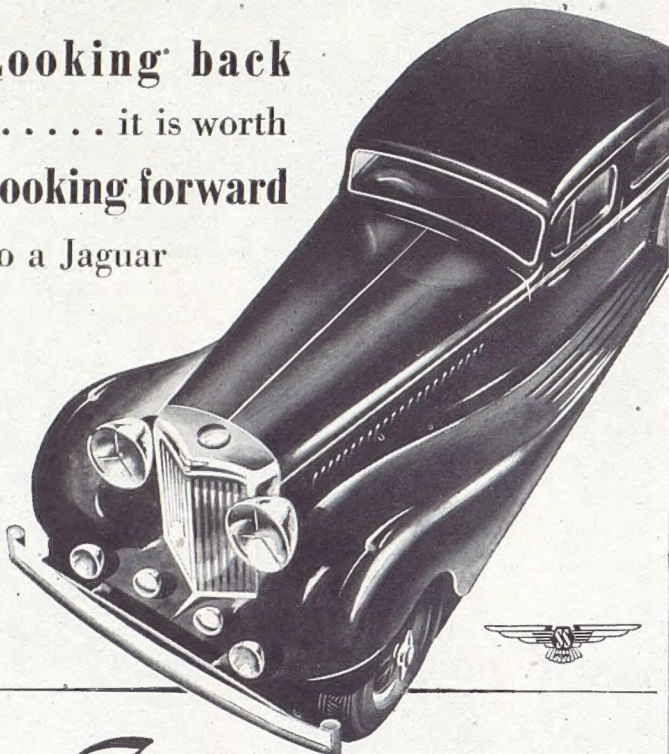


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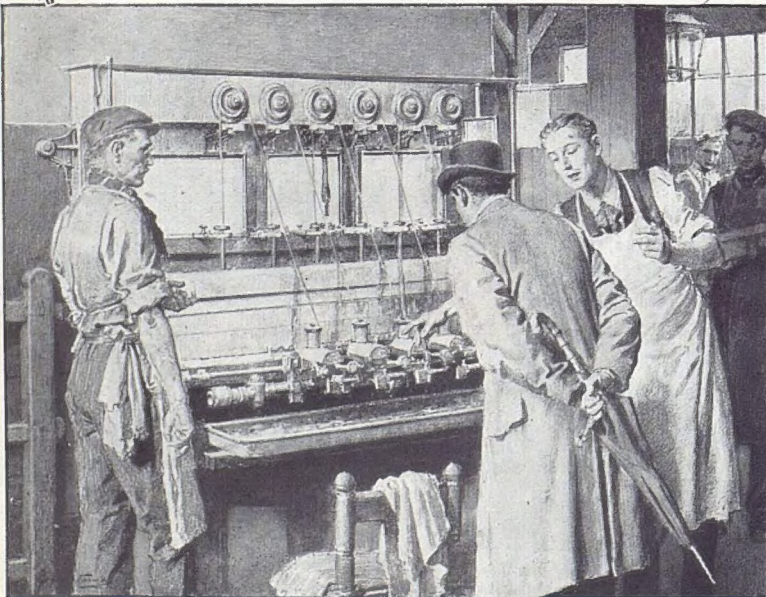
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6 THE DISCOVERY OF RAYON

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rayon was made available to the public. Viewed from present-day standards, these first rayon materials seem but poor travesties of the lovely supple, shimmering fabrics so popular before the war. It is one of to-day's necessary hardships that Courtaulds rayon is scarce, but with the return of Peace, Courtaulds rayons will again be obtainable in even greater variety than before. In addition, new developments in other spheres are being perfected to add to the amenities of modern living.

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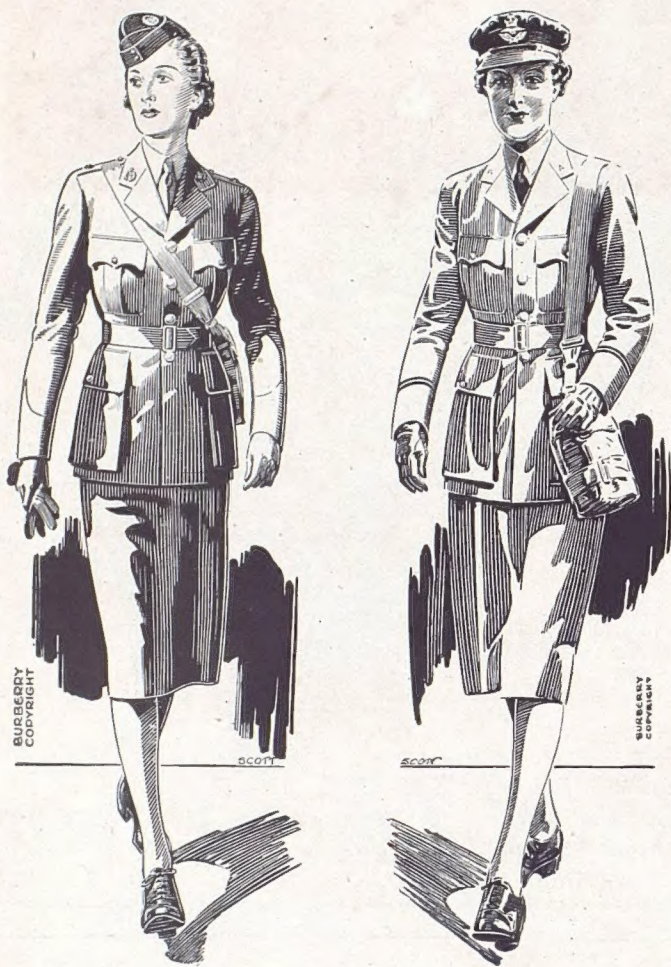
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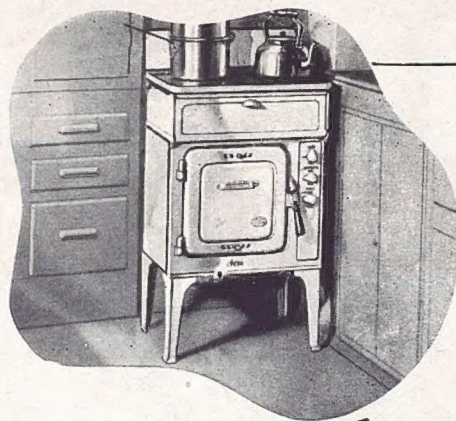
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